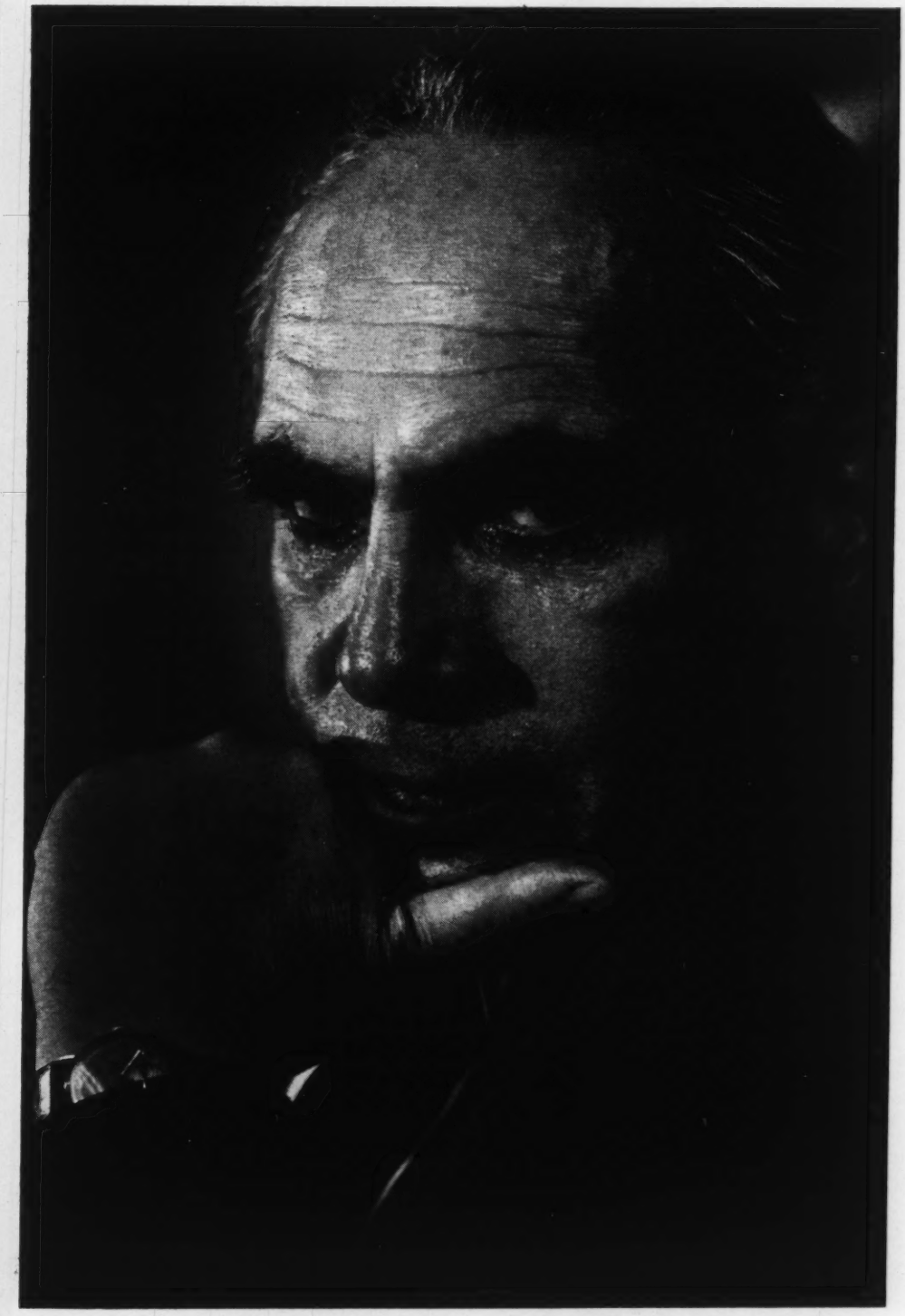
Saturday Night

JUNE 25TH 1955 TEN CENTS



Frederick Valk: 'Twill be recorded for a precedent (Page 36).

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It was too much to expect the Liberal members of the House of Commons to support the proposal of the Opposition that an impartial inquiry be made into the operations of all departments of the Government. If they had done so, they would, in effect, have been indicating their lack of confidence in Prime Minister St. Laurent and his colleagues. But there is no reason why they should not impress on the Cabinet the need for such an inquiry. Indeed, it is their duty to do this. There is too much evidence of slackness in departmental administration to be ignored.

At least four departments of the Federal Government require thorough checking.

. Postmaster General Alcide Côté has been a sick man for many months, which may account for lack of improvement in the postal services; but even before his illness it was apparent that the administrative practices of the post office needed an overhaul. The firm of management consultants hired by the Government in 1953 to check on conditions in this department made 75 findings and recommendations; a new investigation would show how many of the errors thus revealed have been corrected and how many of the suggestions for improvements have been put into practice.

There is obviously still a lot of waste in the Defence Department. One of the

Anarchy in Architecture
by John C. Parkin: Page 7

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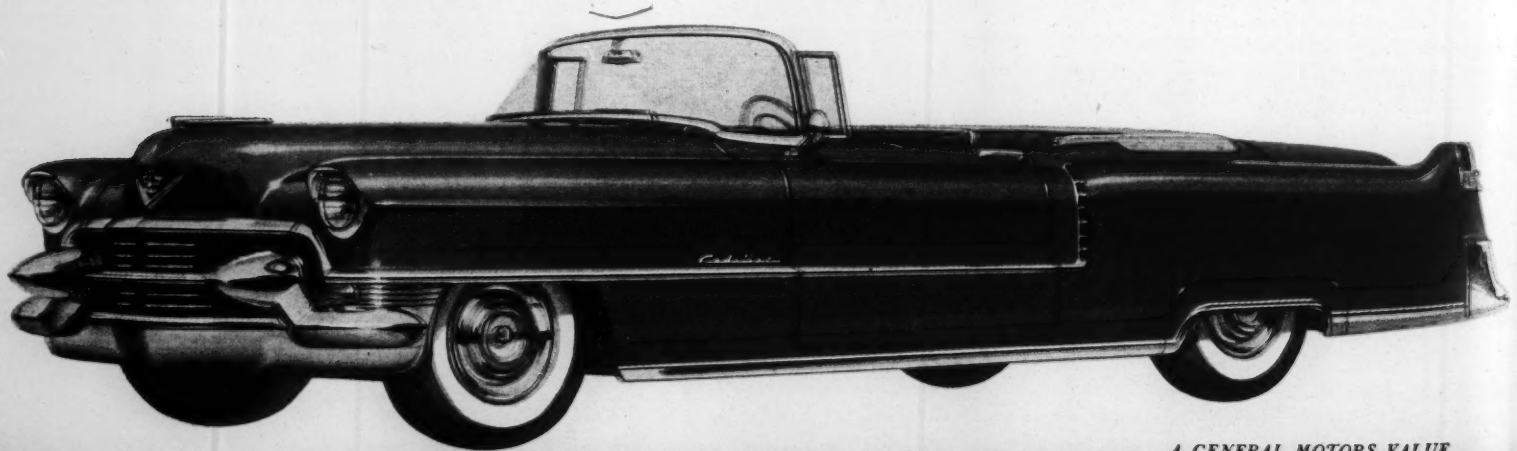


A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

interesting bits of information produced by the Finance Committee of the Senate was this: at the end of March, 1953, there were 104,427 persons in Canada's armed forces, and at the end of March, 1955, they numbered 116,755; in the same time, civilian employees of the Department increased from 42,000 to 63,000; thus, while 12,328 were added to the armed forces, 21,000 more civilian workers were hired. This sort of thing is not convincing evidence that there is now greater efficiency in the administration of the Department.

What has been done to correct the faults found in the work of the Department of Immigration by a sub-committee of the Canadian Bar Association? The Minister, Mr. Pickersgill, may be succeeding in clearing up what was obviously an administrative mess, but his public statements during recent months have not encouraged the belief that he is the master of his job.

The Minister of National Revenue, Dr. McCann, has put himself into such a curious position that an inquiry into the circumstances is a necessity. He has told the Commons that he could tell a story (presumably about contributions to campaign funds) that would be hair-raising. It is his public duty to tell the story. It is also in the public interest to know just how he manages to separate his responsibilities as a Minister and as a director of a trust company.

There is enough reason, then, for an investigation of departmental operations. Committees of the Commons or Senate have not been able to do much probing, burdened as they are with complacent Liberal majorities. A small group in the Senate, men like Senators Crerar and Euler, could do the job with fine impartiality—if they were carefully chosen and permitted to work without hindrance. Such investigation is properly the job of Parliament. Under the present circumstances, however, it can only be done thoroughly by persons who are free from the bonds of party discipline.

Artist at Sea

Art critics in New York were saying pleasant things earlier this month about an exhibition of seascapes by a young Canadian painter, 27-year-old Jack L. Gray. They talked about "freshness" and "feeling for the sea"—which is not surprising, since Mr. Gray is a Nova Scotian and does most of his painting at sea. Since last November he has been living on a yacht, tied up in New York harbor.

"I do most of my work in the wheelhouse," he told our man who visited him not long ago. "Not when we're on the move, of course. Sometimes it's shaky enough even when we're moored. I have

The Front Page

to stand by, my brush at the ready, and jab on the strokes between the rockings of the boat. But in a fairly calm week I can finish off at least one picture, with the better ones bringing me upwards of $200. Markets vary a great deal but back home in Halifax, where I was born, all sorts of people have my pictures. My father was a civil engineer, but I've been earning my living by painting since I was 17.

"As the years have passed, I seem to work farther out to sea. In the early days, my subjects were confined to harbors and bays and so on, but most of my recent pictures have been of fishermen struggling on boats far out."

He met his wife in Halifax five years ago, and since their marriage only one brief spell has been spent ashore—an unsatisfactory winter in Montreal a couple of years ago. "I'd already sold my boat but I looked around for another," he said. "As soon as I found one, things began to look up. We leased this yacht for a year and may eventually buy it—depends on how many paintings I can sell. It isn't a luxury, you know. For $12,000 what kind of a house can you get? But you can buy a fine craft for that money—and no lawns to mow. In a harbor like this, you have all the comforts. You just plug in at the dock, and your television set, radio, refrigerator and so on are all ready for use. We're even hooked in with the regular city telephone service. It's a table 'phone and the number is HAvermeyer 4-2739. Not all the yacht basins are as posh as this one, though. But it's a wonderful life, the only way to get close to your subjects, and we'll continue until I can't haul an anchor."

Island Security

French nudists have won a skirmish in the battle of bodies versus bombs. The Ile du Levant, off the Riviera coast, has been a favorite resort for sun-worshippers, but a while ago military authorities decided it would make an excellent site for tests of secret guided missiles. The nudists, threatened with expulsion, protested and won their case. They will share the island with the military people, who will carry out tests with not-so-secret missiles. The testers have also promised to respect the security of their neighbors, who, of course, have their own hush-hush equipment to think about.

The Young Rebels

The most recent crop of university graduates has had a few weeks now to think about the final words of advice that were handed out along with the sheepskins. Go out and tilt against windmills, the young degree-holders were told; rebel against conformity, push over false gods, and (to quote Dr. Sidney Smith, president of the University of Toronto) "slaughter many sacred cows". This has been the tone of presidential messages to departing students for two or three years now, long enough in these hasty days to take on the mellow sound of tradition but not long enough to dull the brave ring of the words. Now that they are separated from the campus, however, the graduates may have second thoughts about the practical value of the advice.

They may already have found out that the way of the non-conformist is hard, that the slaughtering of golden calves and sacred cows leaves a pretty bloody mess for someone to clean up. They may have discovered that what appeared to be a rather inviting windmill from the windows of a lecture room is really quite a useful bit of machinery when examined more closely. And some of them may have de-

Jack Gray works on a canvas in the wheelhouse of his yacht.

The Front Page

cided that rugged non-conformity must be watered down to judicious eccentricity if they are to struggle up to high positions —even if their goal is the presidency of a university.

Such experience is sobering, naturally, but it should not persuade the graduates to doubt the worth of the advice they were given. There *are* too many sacred cows and stiff-necked people. Society is better for its rebels and sturdy individualists and the misfits who refuse to fit into the comfortable patterns of "adjusted" living. The weakness of the presidential messages has been that nothing has been said about the results of non-conformity.

People irritated by what appears to be an assembly-line society all too often forget that true non-conformity is a state of mind, not a social attitude; the man who sets out to pose as a rebel is invariably either a rude fool or a boring snob. They forget, too, that "being different" is not an end in itself, that a society made up of minorities of one would be intolerable, and that they form part of the society that makes the rules for group living.

Life Abroad

A friend of ours living in Los Angeles has sent us a clipping from a column written by a William McGowran for the London (England) *Evening News*. Mr. McGowran was writing about life in the United States, in this vein: "The easy-spending Yankees live on the principle that there is plenty more where this came from . . . One California newspaper has nine photographers on its staff but when a big story broke the other week not one of them was available to cover the job. General Motors shares had made a spectacular jump and the whole staff had taken a day off to count their winnings." Our friend attached his own note: "Could he have been in Canada by mistake? . . . Oddly, nine of us here held a few shares of GM between us, and the other day blew our profits on a hamburger and couple of beers apiece. But we hear that up your way all you do when you run short of cash is go out and chip some more uranium from the nearest rock . . ."

The Sounding Brass

The game of musical chairs that has been played by senior officers of the army and air force under the direction of Defence Minister Campney has not been an amusing entertainment. Behind the jingle of brass in movement there was the sombre sound of voices in argument. Now that the game has been halted, at least temporarily, it is quite clear that the best chairs, by design rather than accident, have gone and will be going to the air force. Mr. Campney has called the tune, and it is up to him now to supply all the words.

Superficially, it would seem that the Government, irritated by the verbal indiscretions of military brass-hats, had decided to do some housecleaning. The outrageous statements made by Air Marshal Slemon and Air Vice-Marshal Plant merely provided the opportunity. But subsequent events did not support such an assumption. AVM Plant so far forgot his position as a serving officer that he talked with relish about "knocking hell" out of the Russians, the strengthening of air forces and the abolition of the army. He got a fairly mild reproof and a transfer to another job. AM Slemon indicated publicly that he and his colleagues in the air force are working towards a unified command for continental air defence, a matter to be decided only by Parliament. He was excused by Mr. Campney, instead of being knocked down a couple of ranks. But then Mr. Campney got tough and let out the army's Chief of Staff, Lieutenant-General Guy Simonds, who has been known to make fairly guarded statements about conscription ("From a military point of view it's a good idea but the decision is one for Parliament," or words to that effect). Officially, Gen. Simonds was retiring, his four-year term completed. But he is Canada's most brilliant soldier; he is 52 years old and is being replaced by a man who is 57. His retirement doesn't make sense, unless he disagrees sharply with the present policy-makers.

Air Vice-Marshal Miller

The obvious conclusion is that AM Slemon and AVM Plant were only reflecting the thinking that has been going on in the Department of National Defence, that the Government has worked out a new policy for the defence of Canada and that the RCAF will be the main instrument in that policy. The belief that the air force was taking over the Department was strengthened with the appointment of Air Vice-Marshal Miller to replace Brigadier C. M. Drury as deputy minister.

What is now the Government's policy? Parliament seems to be as puzzled as the public. Mr. Campney needs to do a lot of frank explaining. He cannot delegate the job to air force officers.

Father Knows Best

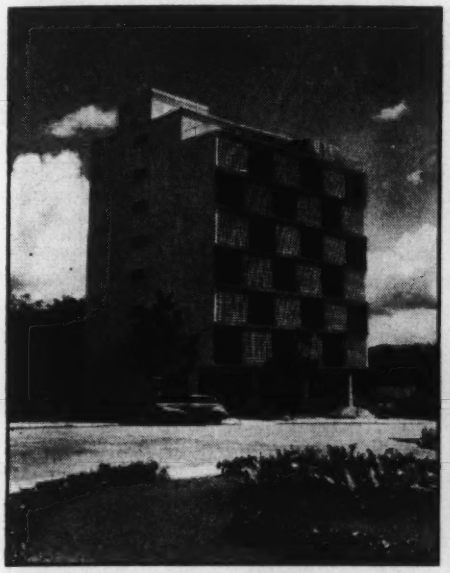
Premier Frost and his Conservatives had an easy time of it in this month's general election in Ontario, and once again they will have an overwhelming majority in the Legislature. Voters refused to get excited by the Opposition's dark tales of scandal and bad administration; indeed, they were so little concerned about the handling of the province's affairs that nearly four in every ten of them did not even bother to go to the polls.

The pattern of the election in Ontario was strangely similar to that of 1953's Federal election: the comfortable, confident party in power, the frantic opposition, the complacent, bored electorate, the failure of any group to expound a political philosophy, and, above all, the influence of the Father Image. It is this image that has contributed as much to the success of the Conservatives in Ontario as to that of the Liberals in the national field.

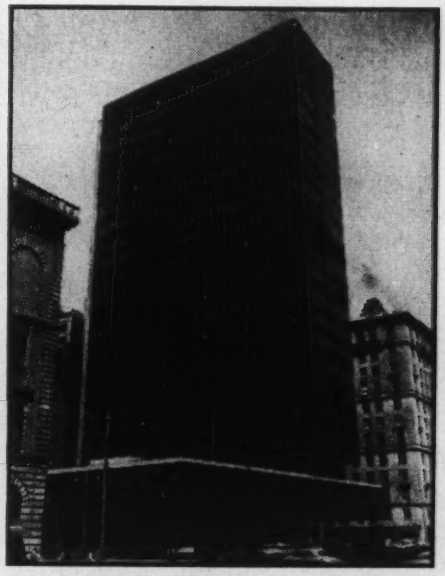
The power of the Image is tremendous; it affects opponents as much as supporters. Mr. St. Laurent was rarely blamed for the shortcomings of his colleagues during the Federal election two years ago, and Mr. Frost has been treated in the same kindly fashion. Spokesmen for the Opposition probably realized that they would make more enemies than friends if they attempted to smear the Image.

Parties in opposition would do well to study this development in Canadian politics. The traditional boundaries between the major parties in this country have, for all practical purposes, disappeared. How is the apathetic voter to distinguish between Liberal, Conservative, and, in many cases, Social Credit or CCF? He lets his emotions make his decision, and he has a picture in his mind of the wise, kindly Father who can be trusted to look after the affairs of the family. The Father is not necessarily a fine figure of a man, full of fire and wit. Indeed, it is better that he be more dull than fiery, more platitudinous than witty — he will seem more trustworthy. The party whose leader does not fit the Image cannot hope for more than vagrant success. Papa is now much more important than platforms.

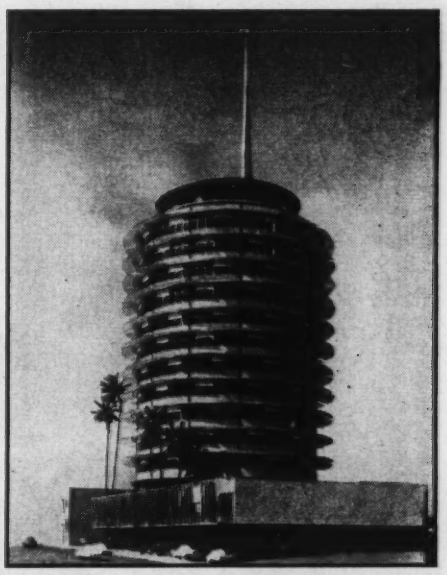
Architectural Expression in Big Buildings



The Checkerboard front of this apartment building in Caracas, Venezuela serves a practical purpose. The beehive brick sections on the balconies create a natural air-flow and give protection from the sun.

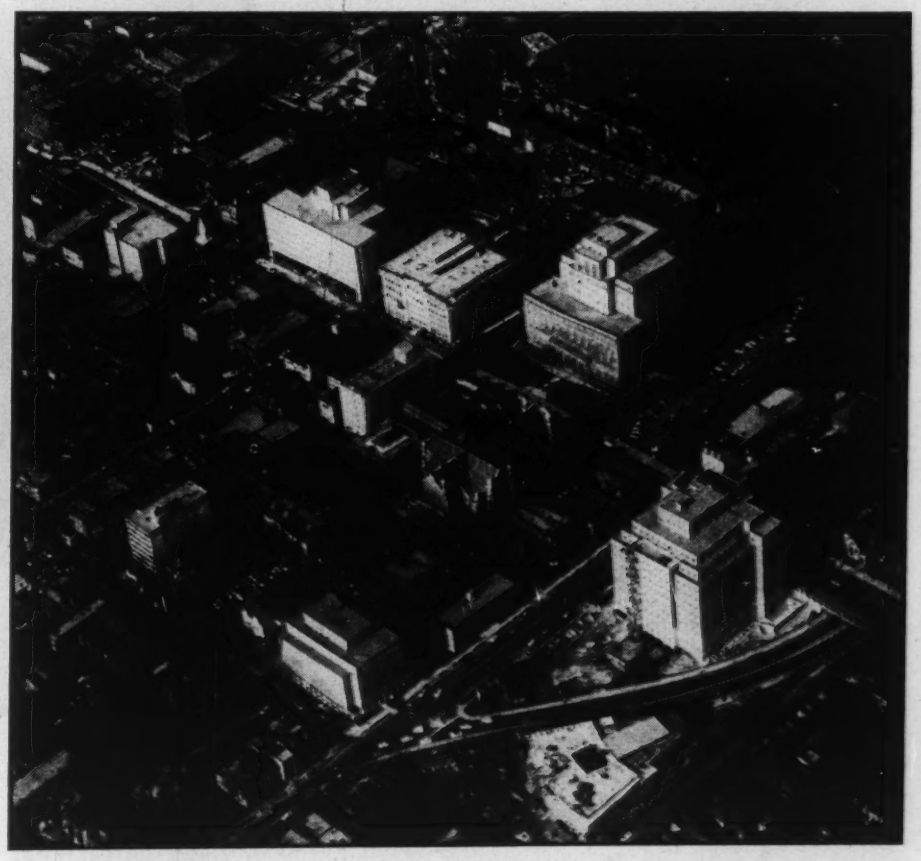


Lever House (above) in New York and the Capitol Records building (right) in Hollywood show two extremes of modern design. The Lever building is a rectangular structure of blue glass and stainless steel.



The Capitol Records 13-storey building is a reinforced concrete cylinder. Its core facilities (stairs, elevators, washrooms, etc.) are located in the centre, equidistant from all extremes of the building.

Typical of much of the design of the newer buildings being built in the metropolitan areas of large cities are these offices of large financial and insurance companies. They retain much of the massive solidity of an earlier period and incorporate as well many of the newer techniques and materials to give the light, air, spaciousness and lack of clutter that has become associated with modern office architecture.



The Bank of Montreal building in Toronto is shown in the photograph above, while at the right is the group of buildings which make up "Insurance Row" there. In a clockwise direction can be seen the head offices of the Crown Life, the Continental Casualty, the Manufacturers Life, the Confederation Life and its staff house, and the Independent Order of Foresters.

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by John C. Parkin

Anarchy in Architecture

Each year, in Canada, there are more housing starts and more contracts let for buildings of every kind, than in the previous record year. But how many of these buildings are simply shelter for man's various needs, destined to become the slums of tomorrow; and how much is truly architecture—the art and science of building with grace?

If the design of many of the new individual buildings can be said to be bad, the way they are related to one another, in the community, is even worse. One has only to look at a typical suburban development to realize that, not only are the houses monotonously alike in appearance, but they are particularly uninspired in their overall site-planning.

Before I am accused of complaining simply because only a small part of building construction is still in the hands of the architect, let me hasten to add that I believe we architects must share the blame for our present dilemma. Statistically, it is true, Canadians spent more on popcorn last year ($25 million) than on architectural services. In the headlong rush for production, many other important factors have been overlooked.

I think we can safely say that the battle between modern and traditional architecture, which has been under way ever since Frank Lloyd Wright doffed his pork-pie hat to the American public, has swung undisputedly in favor of modern. Canadians, conservative by habit and by inclination, have fallen victims to the present trend. Granted, there are mopping-up skirmishes here and there; nonetheless, we have evidence in every field of the construction industry that the Canadian people like the ornament-free, glass-walled, efficient-looking (and efficient-acting) buildings of modern architecture.

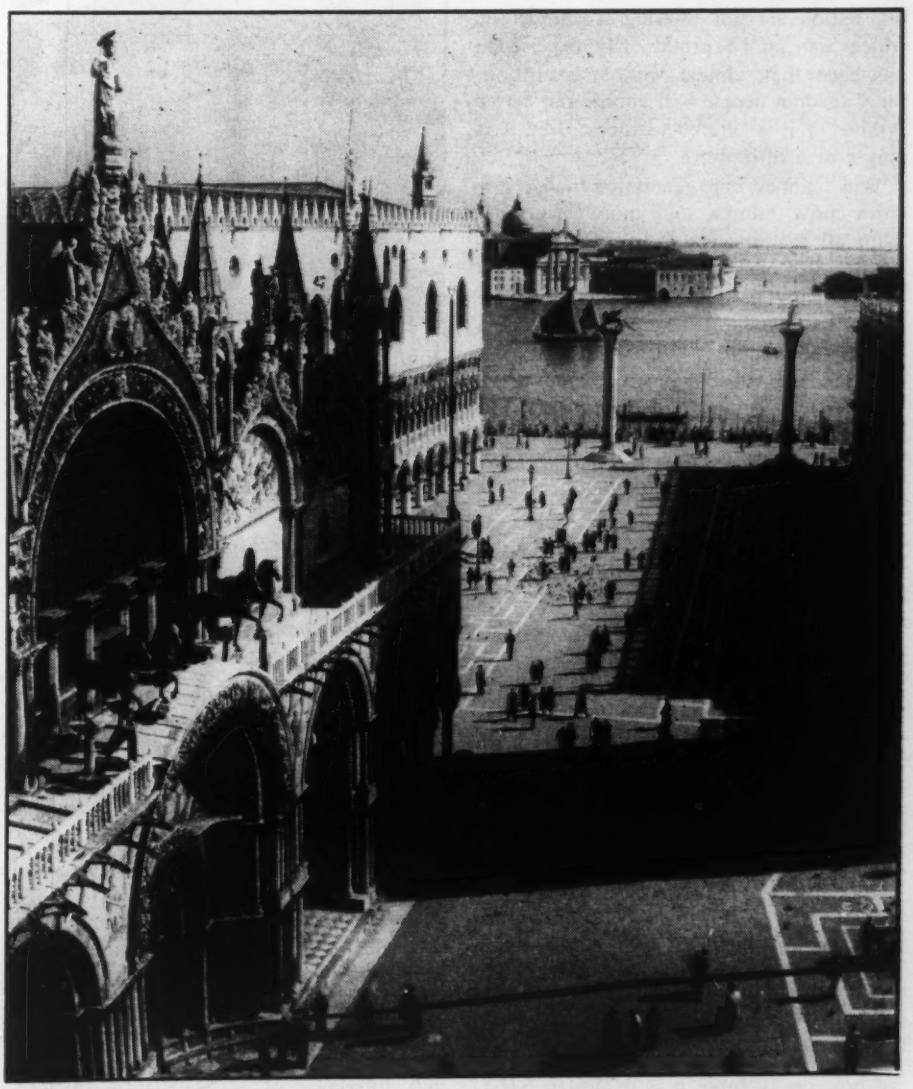
Qualitatively, however, the battle for good, modern architecture is only beginning; let us not worry too much about being Canadian for its own sake, but let us direct our efforts, rather, towards improving the quality of our work.

What Canada needs most is an architecture which is mature, enlightened and, above all, an expression in physical terms of the highest aspirations as well as of the dignity of man himself. What we have is anarchy. The confusion of present day styles is due partly to the break-up of the old classic rules of discipline which accompanied traditional architectural practice. Nowadays, one man's opinion seems to be as good as the next, and this free-for-all, this unenlightened individualism, has resulted in those bizarre, freakish buildings that pass for modern, but more properly should be termed "modernistic".

Like the advanced musician who composes with the twelve-tone scale, achieving original effects through his new discipline, the architect finds his challenge in a huge range of new materials and techniques at his disposal. These materials and techniques are the basis of a new architectural discipline replacing the old.

Perhaps the most important single architectural development, of a technical nature, in the past ten years has been the wide adoption of the curtain wall, whereby large panels of the exterior skin of a building are installed in one piece.

In conventional masonry construction, the architect is limited in scope by the size of the masonry unit used, whether brick or stone. This has been true of Chicago and Oak Ridge today as it was of Babylon and Nineveh. But new expressions are now obtainable. This has been made possible through the widespread use of the curtain wall together with the latest insulating techniques. The latter-day development of insulating materials of high efficiency for the wall thickness involved, coupled with inner and outer skins, of metal or glass, has given us fresh and glimmering structures which are as truly representative of this century



St. Mark's Square, Venice: The four great bronze horses look proudly down on the most beautiful of civic squares—the result of 500 years of inspired work.

as the Gothic Cathedrals of the Middle Ages.

Equally important advances in the nature of structure itself have opened never-ending vistas to the contemporary architect. These include the ever-increasing use of welding, bringing with it the exciting new forms of the space frame. We can have thinner, more graceful structural shapes by the use of structural steel in tension rather than predominately in compression, as is now usual, or through prestressing in the field of reinforced concrete. The Youtz-Slick lift-slab method allows great economies by permitting the floor slabs of multi-storey buildings to be hoisted into place by jacks on the column tops. In Calgary, Alberta, a seven-storey building is being completed wholly as a lift-slab structure.

Of far greater import to us than these far-reaching technical advances, however, is the slow realization that with all this wealth of material at hand, all we are doing is contributing to the slums of tomorrow at a faster pace than heretofore.

With the notable exceptions of Kitimat, Don Mills, and a few other isolated examples of planned communities, those who shape the physical environment of our nation are not offering a product of which we can be proud. My experience has been that, almost without exception, the Canadian people will choose the better product *if* it is offered to them, even if it may cost a little more.

Why cannot our generation make our cities more human and more beautiful? With all the means we have at our disposal, must we conclude that our cities cannot parallel in beauty those of the past? In a country where land is not a scarce commodity, our buildings are cramped into the smallest possible area. All our cities have apartments built in that heartless 1950 style where rooms sometimes face courts so narrow that little sun can enter or else are wedged between single family dwellings. For those who answer that lack of serviced land is the key, one can reply, "Build vertically, with ample greenery in between".

Decaying neighborhoods, inadequate road patterns, noise, air pollution, are all symptomatic of a diseased condition in the organism known as the city.

If we Canadians can be said to have a national personality, then surely part of that personality is our lack of demonstrativeness. We tend to accept unwillingly, but perhaps too philosophically, the blight which is creeping in around us. Sooner or later we must cease the seemingly endless flight to the suburbs, turn and fight a rearguard action in the form of redevelopment of our city cores.

Sooner or later too, every architect, no matter how busy his practice, must realize how really futile it is to design isolated buildings, then have them placed in surroundings which, although recently constructed, already betray signs of future decay. The time must come when we will realize that the hearts of our cities can be places of great beauty and harmony. In the cities of old, as Dean José Luis Sert of Harvard has said, a beautiful civic centre "is not always due to a particular outstanding building, but to the happy grouping of several buildings and to the good treatment of open space—and basically to the planning and organization of the whole, which constitutes a visual unit".

From the past, an important lesson in human scale can be learnt. The old cities were planned essentially for the pedestrian, not for the automobile, and although we are committed to the latter, the need for a civic landscape with extensive areas designed on a pedestrian scale

John C. Parkin is a senior partner and chief designer in one of Canada's largest architectural-engineering firms. In the background is his tradition-breaking design for the Salvation Army National Headquarters, Toronto.

has not changed. Human values are still the most important ones in the planning of our towns and cities.

Forgive me if I use some rather disheartening examples of the curious architectural schizophrenia besetting the metropolitan Toronto area, for that is the area in which I live and which I know best.

A large modern community is under way in the metropolitan area. The majority of its buildings are modern, some uncompromisingly so. One corporation and their architects chose to construct, in the heart of this otherwise modern community, what is a Neo-Georgian building—an incongruous anachronism. You may ask, "Is this any worse than the erection of a completely modern building, in a fully traditional university campus?" The essential difference, of course, lies in the fact that the latter condition can be described as a dose of architectural morality in architecturally dishonest surroundings—or certainly this would be so in North America. The former condition is simply a case of architectural bad manners at best, and lack of aesthetic integrity at worst.

We have had in Toronto, too, the unusual spectacle of buildings erected at the same time, side by side, without heed or respect for the overall street pattern. In one instance, within the last three years it would have been possible to create, through a proper interrelationship of buildings, a civic grouping of a calibre unrivalled in the modern world. In this case the question of "style" or "taste" is not involved, but purely the question of whether individual buildings should give a little of themselves for the overall good.

What is proposed here is not, of course, a kind of "architectural socialism" but a procedure based on the soundest building economics. For example, what originally began in the early 1930s as a bold venture of the Rockefeller family in midtown Manhattan, Rockefeller Center, has now spawned on the periphery of the original nucleus several other large structures, each paying heed to the air-light needs, and aspect of its neighbor. So we have here as enlightened a city planning concept as the capitalism that created it.

In every urban community in Canada, existing zoning legislation is under attack by interests who would exploit the attractiveness so carefully nurtured by the original home-owners. Generally, these interests, largely apartment builders, prefer to build only in those areas where the surrounding land is zoned for a category higher than the buildings they propose. Many of our municipal councils have succumbed to the pressures of these special groups and have not yet learned, for the ultimate good of their community, the necessity to respect proper planning principles.

Instead, our councils should set aside, near the cores of our cities, near good transportation, land needing upgrading in use or redevelopment, specifically assigned to apartment construction.

There comes a time in every architect's life when the designing of isolated buildings must surely fill him with a sense of his own inadequacy to cope with the onrushing mass of mediocrity which moves in from every corner. It is, therefore, not enough simply to speak of new advances in building techniques. We must also consider how we can intelligently and aesthetically relate building to building; or how we can create spaces between which are human in scale, attractive and distinctly urban.

The Venetians took 500 years to start, to build, to perfect the Piazza San Marco, possibly the finest civic grouping in the world. With faith in the better future of Canada, we should be planning *now* our own "San Marcos" of tomorrow.

The blunt, "glass box" headquarters of the UN have become the focal point of the world's hopes.

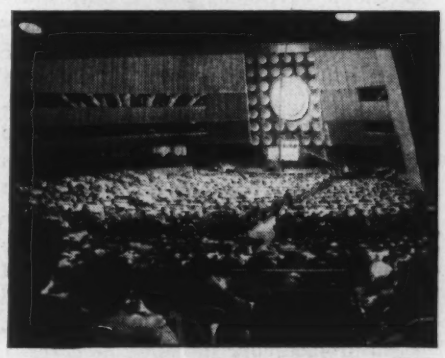
United Nations—Ten Years After

by Adrian Liddell Hart

Ten years ago the Charter of the United Nations was signed by "we, the peoples of the United Nations, determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind . . ." In the light of recent international developments, and especially of plans for an early meeting of the Big Four leaders, the special session of the UN, which is meeting in San Francisco this week to commemorate the anniversary, takes on an increased significance. Moreover, the requirement in Article 109 of the Charter that proposals for "reviewing" the Charter itself shall be placed on the agenda of the General Assembly at its tenth annual session at the latest has now to be met. Those who framed the Charter, if they had been able to foresee the trend of world events, could not have chosen a more opportune moment for such a review — though not necessarily for revision. After ten years of cold war, fresh ideas and policies are making themselves felt. And new men are in power—even the perennial Mr. Molotov, who is the last of the old guard who were at San Francisco, is believed to be on the way out.

"The United Nations, therefore, is what the Member governments want it to be," writes the former Secretary-General (*In the Cause of Peace* by Trygve Lie), "neither better nor worse." Although this conclusion does not take account of the different conceptions held by these Member governments, it nonetheless remains the basic truth. And it is an implicit reminder that all these structural and legal reforms which are being canvassed are of secondary importance. The Charter is certainly not perfect but it is, as Stalin remarked, "a rather good document". Its flexibility has been proved.

The greatest virtue of the Charter, and indeed of the organization, is that it has survived — notwithstanding the crises and the threats, the disappointments and the doubts. It has survived, moreover, without the withdrawal or expulsion of any of its far-from-united members. Article 6 has not been invoked and looks as if it may lapse as a constitutional provision. And though the spirit of the Charter has often been twisted in the course of survival, it is significant that all members have found it desirable to find some legal justification for their actions, however far-fetched the arguments and the interpretation may have been at times.



A session of the General Assembly: Visitors are in the foreground, delegates at the rear and interpreters in the booths.

In view of the succession of disappointments it is understandable that the organization as now constituted should not meet with widespread satisfaction. The stock justification — that it provides an international forum for the airing of differences, a kind of safety-valve — is one which is scarcely calculated to engender enthusiasm. And even the apparent successes of the UN—in the 1946 Iranian dispute, in the Arab-Israeli settlement, in the Kashmir problem and, in a sense, in Korea — are largely attributable to extraneous factors. Hence we have the demand for certain changes. Apart from those extremists who advocate radical changes based on a new approach to national sovereignty and international law, the critical appraisal of the UN is focused on four problems: the defects of the veto system in the Security Council; the inadequate provision for enforcement; the role of the Secretariat and the Secretary-General; and the inadequate representation of states in the organization.

The way in which the veto has been repeatedly abused by Russia — and sometimes by others — has been so much publicized that there is a tendency to regard it as the key issue. It is not. The way in which it has been used may have been discreditable, but it remains a justifiable attempt to recognize realities. The shift

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in these world realities would indicate that the right of veto might be formally extended to other members rather than further limited, but this is hardly desirable or practicable. There are some grounds for hoping, however, that in the light of this shift the present veto-holders will develop the practice of absention—and the more liberal interpretation of such abstention—which has already started.

The proven incapacity of the Security Council to reach quick decisions where necessary and to enforce these decisions effectively has led to the establishment of other organizations, like NATO, outside the UN. Experience has shown that the UN is not an effective or safe instrument in settling Big Power disputes. It is rather a question of whether more might not be gained if the UN confined itself to improving machinery for the settlement of local disputes, if necessary by force — remembering that even minor disputes and racial clashes have world-wide repercussions. In this connection, Mr. Lie's hopes for a small international force or "fire-brigade", which was considered at the time of the Palestine crisis, merit renewed attention. Even a token force has its value for the immediate situation — and for the long-term future.

I was given a special release from the Navy to join the staff of the Preparatory Commission of the United Nations in September, 1945, which met in London under the direction of Sir Gladwyn Jebb. I attended the first meetings of the Security Council, the General Assembly and their various committees, including the Military Staffs Committee, in London, before going to New York as a Political Affairs Officer in the Department of the Security Council set up under Arcady Sobolev — now the Soviet representative on the Council. At its start I acted as secretary of the UN Atomic Energy Commission. We were a fairly small and informal group at the beginning, imbued with real *esprit de corps* and hope, even though international tensions were already affecting the preparatory work of the organization. It was then possible to see the Secretariat developing into a truly international civil service on which all governments would come to rely increasingly for expert and unbiased advice — and even in time for execution. The excessive reliance on national staffs, which was one result of the world cleavage, removed this possibility. At the same time the growth of a huge bureaucracy, which soon followed our transfer to New York (a decision opposed by Canada amongst others), no less than the poisoned and hysterical atmosphere of the cold war, began to undermine the *esprit de corps.*

Certainly, a decision of the Big Four in the next months to refer any problems to the UN which have a reasonable chance of being settled through the good offices of the UN itself would greatly help to build up confidence in its Secretariat.

The inadequate representation of states in the UN is now the most obvious and serious defect of the organization. Half the population of Europe is unrepresented in a world where great European nations like Germany and Italy, though still excluded, are again major factors. And over half the population of Asia is unrepresented in a world where an historic shift of influence to that Continent has taken place. Within the organization there are anomalies — it is hard to justify a permanent seat on the Security Council for France as opposed to India or even — to be realistically topical — to Yugoslavia. But the paramount requirement is to get an agreement amongst the Big Four on the abandonment of the absurd "club" basis in favor of a universality which does not imply "approval". In the light of new Soviet moves, it is all the more desirable to bring in the Eastern European countries and to devise some formula which will permit the representation of divided countries like Germany and Viet-Nam. It is important to include the "neutrals" like Austria and Finland. And it is essential to admit Red China, along with Japan.

No one knows what lies behind the recent and startling moves by the Russians, so that cross-currents of optimism and strange unease are flowing through the Western world at the present time. But we do know for sure that there are certain inescapable facts in the world situation which must be taken into account in any re-assessment of the United Nations.

The world is no longer broadly divided into two camps, dominated exclusively by two great powers; it is becoming a network of states and blocs, with certain countries trying to hold the balance (in

Trygve Lie: Early hopes.

a somewhat spectacular fashion at present). The old ideological concepts have been considerably blurred, with a corresponding return to purely national loyalties at least in the political and cultural fields. There is even in many quarters a conservative trend away from radical policies and extreme solutions. The contrasts between wealth and poverty amongst nations get ever more obvious, with a consciousness of the need for a more equitable distribution of the world's goods. Finally, the racial tensions in the East which the UN has tried to resolve, not without some success, are spreading to Africa.

The loosening-up of the world and the shift of power brings new hope for the organization, especially if agreement on a wider membership is rapidly reached. At the same time it is foolish to expect — or desire at present — sweeping changes on paper or any changes which would greatly affect prevailing concepts of national sovereignty. Rather we should look for a "Concert of Nations", a more flexible interpretation of the existing Charter and more decentralized operations on the political as well as the economic and social sides.

The Atoms-for-Peace Plan gives the UN a splendid chance to start its second decade with renewed enthusiasm. And the current thawing of the cold war at last encourages the UN to make a bid for co-operation — to become a forum where differences are not only aired but overcome — or at least fairly tested for their sincerity. The concrete achievement of the organization in the past has largely been in the practical exchange of help and information, through its proliferating agencies and affiliates. In the future it is more than ever desirable that aid to the under-developed and poverty-stricken areas of the world should be carried on within the framework of the organization, rather than through outside agencies associated with a particular country or ideology. In the functional sphere, at any rate, lies the promise of less nationalism.

Canadians — and the Hon. Lester Pearson in particular — have played a worthy part in the United Nations. Canada has been active in mediation, generous in contributions and patient in disappointment. Yet it is possible that she could play a still more influential part in the present world situation. There is a feeling that the Department of External Affairs has come to "prefer" NATO and to regard the UN from a political point of view as only a "long-run hope". This is, no doubt, an over-simplification. But Canadians should now question how far the best interests of Canada are served in the present fluid state of the world by even appearing to be committed to a secondary role in one grouping (apart from the traditional Commonwealth association) at the expense of a wider initiative in the United Nations.

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by Robert E. K. Rourke

A Target for Teachers

One of my most vivid memories is that of watching a young teacher teach his first algebra lesson. Everything seemed to go well, and at the end of the lesson the teacher wondered if there were any questions. After a considerable silence, a girl raised her hand and asked: "Why should I study algebra?" The teacher was visibly affected; he had been struck a low blow. He shifted, hedged, and finally mumbled something about algebra being a required course. The bell saved him. The points of the story are that the girl asked a good question to which there is a good answer, and that the teacher should have known the answer.

Teachers have been described as people with many aims and few hits. If my experience is typical, this description (or at least the first part of it) does not apply to all teachers. Some teachers, if they think of aims at all, think of them in very nebulous terms. All too frequently, the busy teacher is content to learn "the tricks of the trade". But ask him about his objectives, and you may find them liberally sprinkled with fuzz: "I want to help boys grow into men" (there's a dandy!), or "I aim to create the leaders of tomorrow from the youth of today", and so forth. Such stratospheric objectives may sound fine at a first hearing, but teachers who talk in this way remind me of clergymen who are against sin. The target is so broad and so poorly defined that we should expect few bull's-eyes.

Today our provinces invest millions of dollars in education. This money can purchase fine buildings and equipment, but unless the classrooms are staffed by men and women of purpose, with sound training both as regards matter and method, the taxpayers are not going to get much for their money. Teachers must be something more than text-books wired for sound. The effective teacher has clear objectives; he knows what his particular subject has to contribute.

Objectives should be formulated realistically. Almost every adult believes that he knows exactly what the schools should be doing. Parents having trouble with one child in the home often fancy themselves achieving wonders with forty in the classroom. Many critics of education refuse to face a basic fact: the nature of the high school population has changed in the last forty years, and no amount of wailing will bring back the alleged "good, old days". Secondary schools are no longer solely college preparatory schools; most of their students are not college bound. These schools now face the fantastic job of preparing all comers for "happy and intelligent living" (whatever that means). Critics who ignore this fact are unable to discuss modern education intelligently; teachers who ignore it are unable to contribute to modern education effectively.

Many lists of objectives for education have been drawn up. Some get lost in a maze of jargon; others offer education as a panacea for all earthly ills. Teachers can't do everything. They can't do the work of the home and the church. What can they do? A few years ago *Canadian Education* reported that the aim of education is to produce good workers, good persons, and good citizens. This is a tall order, but I believe that teachers may make worthwhile contributions in each of the three categories. This is not the place, nor is there the space, to deal with detailed contributions of particular subjects. I propose to offer some general ideas that may help teacher A organize his objectives for subject X.

A good worker is efficient: he has mastered the facts and skills needed to make a living. Of course, our schools cannot meet the precise requirements of all the vast array of trades and professions. For the most part, we can only lay a broad base of fundamental training that can later be adapted to meet the special needs of special jobs. Certainly the good worker must be able to communicate and to calculate: he needs the basic skills for handling words and numbers. What else is needed?

We are on shaky ground when we place too narrow an interpretation on vocational education. When its utilitarian aspect is over-emphasized, education degenerates into animal training. A good worker should be happy as well as efficient; he has a mind as well as a job. Leisure offers little to those with no inner resources. Many adults can't stand themselves for a single evening. If we are not careful, we may be educating for TV—producing a generation with built-in boredom. There is no substitute for a well-stocked mind; everyone (except the mentally incapable) should have some contact with the great store of knowledge that is our heritage from the ages.

What then does a boy or girl need to

What is a frill in education? For some students, painting, music and dramatics give meaning to the curriculum.

Robert E. K. Rourke

know? Only the presumptuous have a pat answer. How many adults knew twenty-five years ago what they would be needing today? It seems to me that each person needs as broad training in high school as his gifts will permit, and that he should settle for nothing less. Those with restricted abilities must settle for restricted programs. But too often teachers demand far too little from their students, and the students demand far too little from themselves. "Of what use is this subject?" usually means "Can this be turned into a fast dollar?" We teachers too often settle for too little too soon. Students allergic to hard work find it too easy to throw up their hands rather than roll up their sleeves.

And let us be careful in calling some subjects "frills". What is a frill? Is music a frill? Is painting? What about dramatics and games? For some students, these give meaning to the curriculum and direction towards a life of fulfilment. A subject or activity should be called a frill only if it contributes nothing of importance to the growth or development of the student.

Now suppose the teacher fights for education in breadth. Does the good worker not forget much of his hard-won knowledge? Of course he does. But I am a great believer in the worthwhileness of the residues. Residues from forgotten knowledge safeguard us against many illusions, and prepare us for many adult appreciations. Long after the facts of physics are forgotten, there may well remain an appreciation of its methods and an awareness of its scope. Such residues help to keep the windows of the mind open, to broaden the base of adult interests, and to help those who cannot lead to follow intelligently. We want good workers, happy and efficient. Teachers must offer facts and ideas for the making of a life as well as a living.

To talk of producing good persons is to talk of the creation of attitudes and the development of character. Some schools lay great stress on their desire to develop character. I often wonder what they mean. Woodrow Wilson wrote: "Character is a by-product which comes, whether you will or not, as a consequence of a life devoted to the nearest duty". If this is true, then no school can prevent the developing of character.

Sometimes the outcome is the opposite of what we expect. The playing of games may develop the attitudes of a sportsman, but, unfortunately, the result is often the exact antithesis. It depends on the teacher. As soon as a student enters the classroom, the process begins. Attitudes develop.

The by-products produced by great teachers are potent forces in shaping the characters of their students. Long after the students have forgotten the details of the course, they remember well the teacher. And they identify the good teacher with the attitudes and habits they developed in his classroom.

This development of habits and attitudes, whether he wills it or not, is one of the great and frightening challenges to every teacher. He can't avoid it; he is helping to build character, good or bad. Let him be aware of his opportunities and constantly recall that his students are learning more than Latin, or geometry, or basketball from his teaching.

Finally, the good citizen—what can the teacher do for him? In many ways, this is the bull's-eye of the target. The consequences may well be tragic if the good worker and the good person is not ready to accept his share of social responsibility.

A good citizen should be able to think clearly. Some subjects, such as mathematics for example, may help to develop the ability to think. But there is nothing automatic about it. It depends on the teacher. Mathematics can be taught as a bundle of tricks and devices unrelated to experience; or mathematics can be presented as a system of ideas, a way of thinking that throws considerable light on the problems of everyday. The teacher must be sure of methods as well as matter.

Have I offered another target that is too big and too fuzzy? It may seem so, for it is certainly at most an outline. But, in my opinion, it is an outline that can be readily filled in by teacher A for subject X. Good teachers of every age have contributed in worthwhile measure to the development of good workers, good persons, and good citizens. Dr. W. A. Neilson, formerly president of Smith College, has written: "The teaching profession consists largely of timid and unimaginative persons to whom moderate comfort, a moderate competence, and moderate security are the reward for a moderate amount of moderately conscientious drudgery". Surely Dr. Neilson is talking about teachers with no aims and no hits.

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Letter from London

Happy Shouting and Some Tumult

by Beverley Nichols

Well, it is all over now, including the shouting, and you probably know as much about it as I do. I need hardly say that I refer to the General Election. But unless you were actually there it must be difficult to understand the profound sense of relief we felt, round about two o'clock in the morning, when we began to realize that whatever happened, Labor was defeated, and that for at least another five years our affairs would be in the hands of sane and honest men. And that above all, there was no danger of the ship of state being headed for the rocks by the snarling man who had described half his fellow-countrymen as lower than the rats—Mr. Bevan.

I watched the first results at the Savoy, as one of the two thousand guests of Lord Camrose, who is the proprietor of the great *Daily Telegraph*. The Camrose Election Parties have become a "must" for anybody who wishes to get the full thrill of Election Night, so much so that the problem of gate-crashing has assumed formidable proportions. They are brilliantly run affairs, the food is superb, the champagne flows till dawn in a ceaseless, ice-cold torrent, and, most important of all, there is an exceptionally efficient, up-to-the-minute organization for showing the results on a series of giant screens in the ballroom.

I have many vivid memories of this historic occasion, like flashes in a newsreel:

Harold Macmillan, the Foreign Secretary, standing by my side, lifting a glass to drink a private toast to the victory of his son Maurice, who won Halifax for the Tories. You will be hearing more of young Maurice Macmillan. Apart from his guts and his brains, he looks like a film star, which is important in these days of television. . .

King Gustav of Sweden, just behind me, clapping energetically at the announcement of Sir Winston Churchill's re-election. (This result was preceded by a resonant thump on a gong.) And then, His Majesty suddenly stopped, presumably because he had remembered that royal personages are intended to be neutral. . .

Douglas Fairbanks, Sir Malcolm Sargent, and Hermione Gingold, all in a row, gazing at the screen just as the news came through that Mr. Michael Foot had lost his seat to a woman Tory by the slender margin of a hundred votes. Do you know Michael Foot in Canada? He is one of the most virulent of the Bevanites. He oozes class hatred. If ever the day were to come when Michael Foot and his like were to assume control, Britain would be split in two from Land's End to John o'Groats. And Lord knows how that split would ever be healed.

You have probably heard it called an "apathetic" election. There was certainly nothing apathetic about the crowds in

Foreign Secretary Macmillan: a private toast to a family election victory.

Trafalgar Square. I wish I could make that scene live for you. Imagine a radiant background of light from the floodlit National Gallery, and from the spire of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Round and round, in a dark, surging river, the crowds swirl to and fro, shouting themselves hoarse—tall Guardsmen, spry sailors with arms linked, "pearly" Kings, their buttons glistening in the rain, hordes of students, battalions of pretty Cockney girls with rosettes in their hair. Fill in the foreground with the immense fountains, whose silver spray is tossed far and wide by the rising wind, and then, set in the centre, the tall column of Nelson himself, who seems to be standing with his feet among the stars. As a final and inevitable contribution to this essentially London scene, bring down the rain. It fell in sheets, from midnight onwards, but the jubilations went on.

No, there was nothing apathetic about Trafalgar Square. Nor about the crowds that filled Piccadilly Circus, swarming round Eros, tossing red and blue balloons up to the sky, singing "Tipperary". At one point in the evening they were also singing "Nymphs and Shepherds Come Away". This charming seventeenth century pastorale sounds an odd choice for Election Night. Yes—but some ingenious spirit had attached new words to it. The new version began: "*Up* the Tories, they've come to stay, come to stay!"

You have also probably heard that it was a TV election. To some extent that is true. One expert assessed that at four o'clock in the morning nearly 20,000 television sets were still switched on. A few hours later, once again, according to the electricity board, the load shedding was phenomenal. Even in my own club, where television seems still to be regarded as something not quite gentlemanly, it was hardly possible to get near the little room where our single set is modestly secreted.

To some personalities, TV was pitiless. One of these was Mr. Attlee. Most of us —whatever our politics—have a soft spot for Mr. Attlee. Nobody could call him an exciting man, but he is honest, sincere, and capable. I have always thought that Sir Winston was unduly harsh when he called him "a sheep in sheep's clothing". Obviously, he could never be a trumpet that sounds to battle. But he can, and does, make quite a sharp little noise rapping his knuckles on the tables at committee meetings. If he had become Prime Minister we should not have plunged to instant destruction, as under Bevan. We should merely have slowly expired of economic anaemia. And — perhaps — of sheer boredom.

But on TV one felt that it would be kinder to switch off, and hastily change the subject, and ask one's friends if they had seen the new grey roses at the Chelsea Flower Show. Such a drooping and a drawling there was never seen. Such a hunching of shoulders, such a huskiness of delivery. True, Mr. Attlee is 72. But then, Sir Winston is rising 81. By comparison, Sir Winston looked positively Puckish.

You are probably bored by the summaries of the Election, and its significance for the future of the Commonwealth. However, one point has been strangely neglected, particularly by the Tory commentators, who are so jubilant over their majority of 59 that they have allowed it to go to their heads. That is the fact that in spite of full employment, in spite of the unexampled prosperity of the working man, and in spite of the fact that the Socialists were riven by internal dissension, *the Tories polled less than a million votes more than their opponents.* The figures were roughly 13,300,000 to 12,400,000. This gives no reason for com-

placency. Moreover, if it had not been for Bevan, the Socialists might have been returned. This assumption is certainly very general throughout the Labour Party itself. It makes one wonder what we are in for, five years from now. If we run into hard times, if the boom begins to falter — above all, if Bevan assumes a mask of respectability, and stops spitting in the faces of his companions — well, I wouldn't like to prophesy.

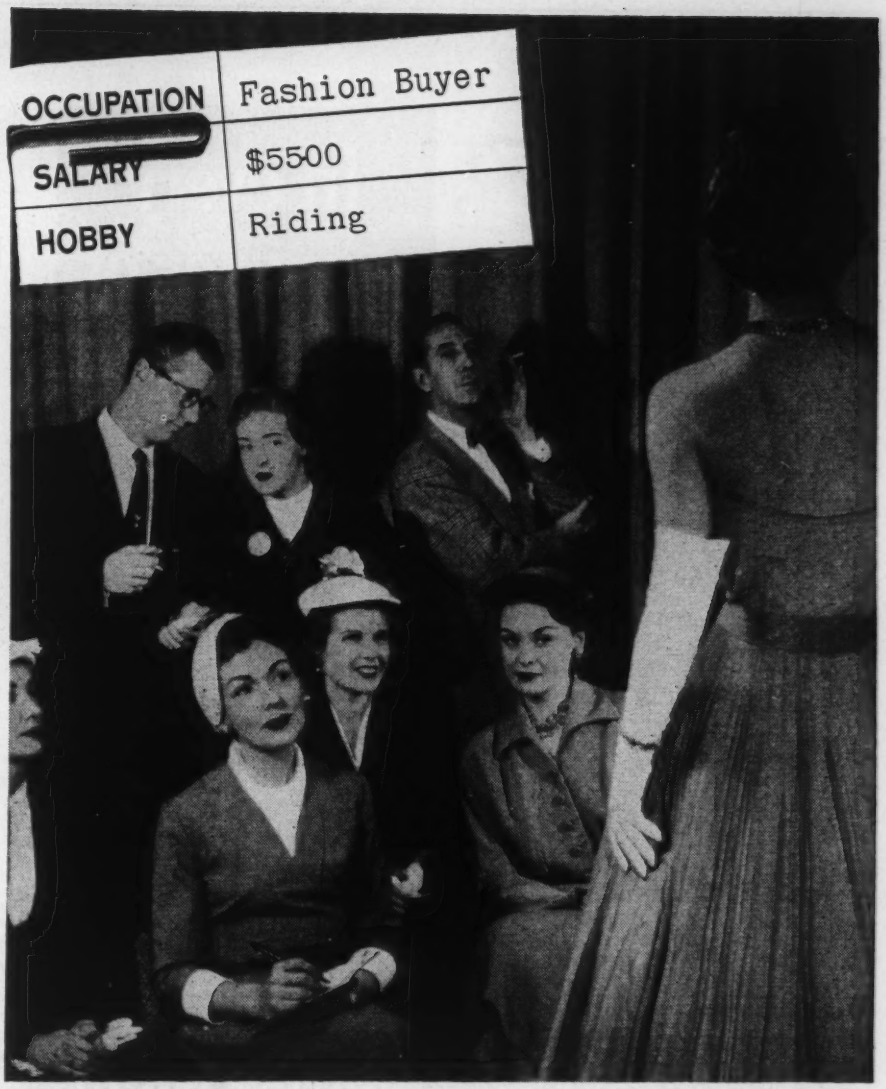
However, it is no use meeting trouble halfway. Let us be thankful for such mercies as have been granted to us, even if they are not as great as we might have hoped.

NEXT Meanwhile, the London season has swung brilliantly into its stride. The hotels are packed, and unless you are a super VIP you will be informed—with the utmost politeness—that you cannot stay more than a fortnight. The shortage of flats seems to be worse than ever, and though "key money" has been legally abolished, you may well be asked to pay a thousand pounds for the "fittings", which consist of a few strips of mouldy felt and one or two electric stoves. Traffic jams increase daily, and there is talk of forbidding private motorists in certain areas of the city altogether, between the hours of noon and midnight.

There are record attendances at all the big functions. You could not get near the Annigoni portrait of the Queen at the private view of the Royal Academy. You may have seen reproductions of this picture on your side of the water, but no reproduction can do justice to its luminous beauty.

Annigoni paints like an old master, and this is a picture that is worthy to hang by the masterpieces of Holbein and Van Dyck, or indeed any of the great painters of royalty. It has done something which I thought no painter could do—it has caught the Queen in the magical mood

The Annigoni portrait of H.M. the Queen: luminous beauty.



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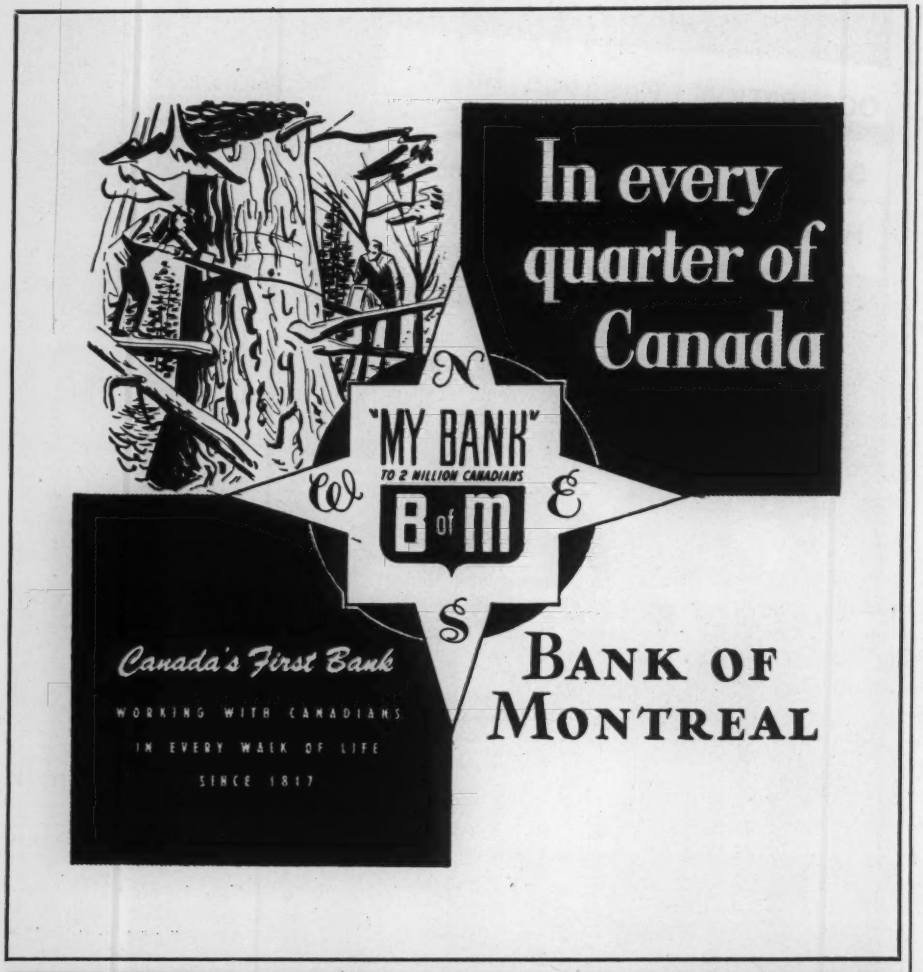
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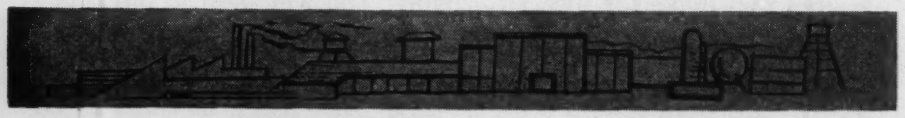

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which invested her just after the Coronation, when there was a radiance about her, an aura of dedication. Needless to say, the portrait has been bitterly assailed by the little pink critics of the Left. One of them had the impudence to refer to it as a "royal pin-up".

Record attendances, too, at the Chelsea Flower Show. If any of you are in London next year, do please try to go to this. It is uniquely British. You see people there that you thought had long ceased to exist—ancient country squires wandering round with their head gardeners, formidable dowagers in bath-chairs, staring at prize sweet peas with such an expert gaze that you wonder the flowers do not wilt, and all sorts of human oddments that might have stepped out of the pages of a very early Victorian novel. This strange collection floats through the dazzling arcades of color from dawn to dusk. And of course, the Queen is always there on the first day. As a practical girl she seemed greatly interested in the vegetables—particularly in a large cockerel made out of turnips and carrots and asparagus which dominated one part of the exhibition.

Only one false note marred this enchanting parade from the past. This was struck by a scantily dressed young French lady, hanging by her teeth from a helicopter, which swept up and down the Thames, and over the heads of the crowds, backwards and forwards, causing a great noise and disturbance. Even so, the vast majority of the old ladies ignored her, flashing a single glance of their lorgnettes at her, and then dismissing her as though she were some tiresome form of blight on the begonias.

Then came a national railway strike, timed, with the acme of malice, to paralyze the nation just as we were about to enjoy the Whitsun holiday. Like most of the recent strikes, it arose from no genuine grievance; it was the outcome, not of hardship, but of petty rivalry between the unions. Whatever its cause, the result on the British public has been the same—frustration, disruption, and a general souring of the national temper. Once again the newspapers shrank to a third of their size, once again the post was hours late, once again millions of people missed the chance of a little sunshine, while those who were rash enough to go away to the seaside were stranded on the beaches, or spent the night in shelters and on railway platforms. Once again British economy took a body blow.

There are rumors that the right wingers of the Tory party are campaigning to make these unofficial inter-union squabbles illegal. Don't you believe it. The British people will cling to the most sacred right of every true democracy—the right to cut its own throat.

Ottawa Letter

Trouble with the High-Priced Help

by John A. Stevenson

Canadian Ministries have, compared with the governments of some other countries, been remarkably free from troubles caused by the arrogant pretensions of high-ranking officers of their armed forces.

More than fifty years ago the Laurier Government's summary dismissal of a British-born Chief of Staff, Lord Dundonald, for what it regarded as improper conduct, produced a furious political controversy but there has been no parallel to this episode at Ottawa. The late Mackenzie King's story of a rebellious military junta in 1944 is now generally regarded as a figment of his imagination.

Now, however, the St. Laurent Ministry has suddenly been called upon to cope with a furore created by indiscreet speeches delivered by two senior officers of the RCAF, Air Marshal C. R. Slemon, its chief of staff, and Air Vice-Marshal J. L. Plant, director of its Technical Services. It was bad enough for the former to suggest that a unified command for the defence of North America was in contemplation. But his was a mild offence compared with the brasher performance of Air Vice-Marshal Plant, who caused generals all over the country to have fits of apoplexy by proposing the abolition of the army and an early conflict with Russia and a glorious victory over her.

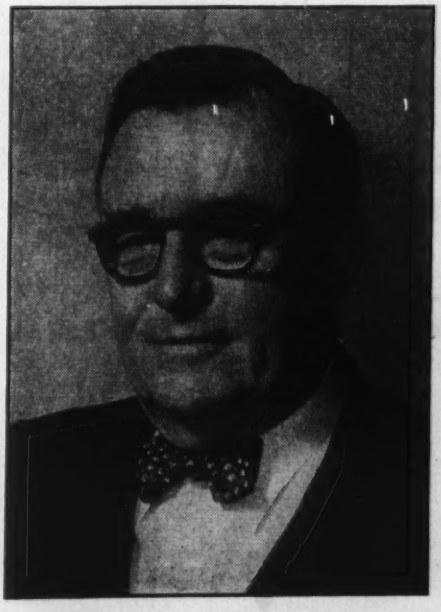
These rash adventures into the field of policy-making naturally moved the Opposition to ask what Ministers thought of them and it is to the credit of Mr. Campney, the Minister for National Defence, that he grasped the nettle boldly. Not only did he condemn as reprehensible the utterances of the two Air Marshals, but he proceeded promptly to punish AVM Plant for his offence by demotion and issued a general directive that officers of the armed forces must stick to their lasts and refrain from pronouncements about policy in any shape or form.

He has now followed up these actions by announcing the impending retirement of Lt-General G. G. Simonds, Chief of Staff for the army. General Simonds, at the age of 52, is in the prime of his powers and it is understood that he desired and felt he had a good claim to an extension of his four-year appointment.

General G. R. Pearkes, VC (PC, Esquimalt-Saanich) proceeded to charge that Mr. Campney was dispensing unfairly with the services of a first-rate officer and to contrast the generous extensions of high commands given to an older officer, Lt-General C. Foulkes. It is true that General Simonds did blot his copybook by an indiscreet intervention in the scandals at Petawawa and that on Air Vice-Marshal Plant's speech he offered the mild comment that it was "irresponsible". But otherwise he has comported himself with propriety and his retirement at an early age arouses a suspicion that a guarded pronouncement, which he made some time ago in favor of military conscription, earned him the disfavor of the Government. But naturally Mr. Campney repudiates the suggestion that he has been a victim of unfair discrimination for conduct displeasing to the Government.

Major-General Howard Graham, who will be the new Chief of Staff, is five years older than Gen. Simonds, but he is a far less controversial figure. He has proved himself to be a sound tactician and good administrator.

Mr. McCann, the Minister of National Revenue, is undoubtedly ruing the day that he disclosed to Premier Frost the error made by James Dempsey when he failed to report a contribution to his campaign fund. Not even Mr. Claxton at the time of the Petawawa scandals was subjected to as severe an ordeal of gruelling inquisition by the Opposition as he has had to endure.



Campney: Grasped the nettle.

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PILKINGTON GLASS LIMITED—BRANCHES COAST TO COAST

Temperamentally a stubborn man, Mr. McCann has planted both his feet firmly upon statutory provisions about official secrets which forbid him to make any disclosure of information gleaned in the performance of his duties as Minister of National Revenue. The implication is that he did not discover Mr. Dempsey's delinquency in his role as a director of the Guaranty Trust Company. But he also made the extraordinary statement that if he chose to disregard the law about secrecy, he could unfold a tale "which would raise the hair upon your heads".

Now Mr. McCann obviously was not prescribing a lotion, which would reclothe bald pates with a luxurious growth of hair, but was intimating that the revelation of certain dark secrets, to which he was privy, would startle and horrify the House of Commons. Surely if his revelations were to be of such a horrifying nature, they must concern grave delinquencies on the part of certain individuals and, if such was their nature, the question can be fairly asked why the guilty parties have not been prosecuted.

It is quite clear that the matter cannot rest where it is. The Opposition will be justified in saying that even if their hair does stand on end, the searchlight of publicity must be turned upon the dark pools of iniquity which Mr. McCann has discovered. If he remains obdurate, then the doctrine of Cabinet responsibility will apply and Mr. St. Laurent and his colleagues will be exposed to the charge that they are protecting delinquents from exposure.

The results of the British election were in conformity with the predictions of the political pundits and should produce a much more satisfactory Parliament than Canada possesses today. The Conservative party has secured a more decisive mandate than in 1951, but there was no landslide to give it an unwieldy majority.

The result of the election caused no disquietude at Ottawa, although Canadian Liberal Ministries have always been rather suspicious of Conservative Ministries in London, because they knew that the British Tory party contained many ardent Imperialists, who were continually agitating for a closer consolidation of the Commonwealth, and to such designs they were unalterably opposed. But, while this Imperialist element is well represented in the new British Parliament and is sure to make its voice heard at intervals, there is no evidence that the ruling triumvirate in the new British Government, Sir Anthony Eden, R. A. Butler and Harold Macmillan are not sufficiently aware of the political facts of life to realize that the existence of NATO and the Pacific Security pact makes impracticable any moves for the closer co-ordination of the policies of the Commonwealth.

The Public Prints

Wall Street Journal: A stock exchange, like any other human institution, can be well or badly run. It can perform its social function or it can, through the excesses of people, pervert it. But its function of providing a market for capital is a vital one which can be injured only by doing injury to the country.

Winnipeg Tribune: The Queen's Printer's lavish but uncompleted new plant in Hull has already cost Canadian taxpayers a cool $12 million. The chances are that by the time presses and other printing equipment have been purchased and installed the cost will be nearly double.

When the presses start to roll in the new plant, the Dominion government will be an even bigger competitor of the privately owned printing and publishing firms in Canada than it is today. With such a plant at their disposal, officials of government will probably be bursting out in print at the taxpayers' expense even more profusely than they are at present.

Hamilton Spectator: With a very few exceptions (Quebec City, for instance, and Victoria, BC) what does the average Canadian community offer the visitor?

Answer: Old Glory, Southern fried chicken, Virginia ham and (this year) the late Mr. David Crockett.

Couldn't it be — just possibly, maybe, perhaps—that Americans going abroad on holiday might prefer to feel that they really were in a different country, with a "foreign" flag over the hotel canopy instead of their own; with habitant pea soup on the menu instead of New England clam chowder (imported in the can); with something about the Heroes of the Long Sault on the juke box instead of a perpetual eulogy of one of their own Heroes of the Alamo; and with maybe a voyageur's *ceinture flèchée* in the store window for their kids to buy, instead of a coonskin cap (imported, customed and sales-taxed) that they could get more cheaply at home?

Sydney Post-Record: Sydney people move out into the rural area and immediately demand all the privileges that go with living in the city. Don't we all know the story? We have heard them yelling for sidewalks, fire protection and the best of modern education. The trouble with these people is that they are demanding the best possible of two contrasting worlds. They want the best the city can offer without paying for the services that go with urban habitation.

Rural whisperers at the moon, they are expecting city services without paying the equivalent of city taxes.

"No, it isn't CANCER . . ."

PEOPLE are beginning to realize that there is much needless worry about cancer. Thanks to medical progress, the spirit of hopelessness that once surrounded cancer has been replaced by rising optimism. This is based in part on the increased number of lives now being saved. Records of the Canadian Cancer Society, for instance, show that skin cancer, discovered early and treated promptly and properly, is curable in 85 percent of the cases.

What developments hold great promise for the future? For one thing, there are the advances achieved in both diagnosis and treatment. Cancer of certain internal organs, for example, can now be detected by searching under the microscope for cancerous cells that have been cast off into body fluids. This yields clues to so-called "silent cancers," or those which have not caused noticeable symptoms. It is in this stage that the disease is often curable.

One great hope of cancer research today is that drugs will be found to cure both localized and widely spread cancer. Today, however, only surgery and radiation offer hope of cure or control.

While the sweeping search of science goes on against cancer, everyone . . . especially those who are middle-aged and older . . . should take these two wise safeguards:

Cancer's Seven Warning Signals

1. **Any sore that does not heal.**
2. **A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.**
3. **Unusual bleeding or discharge.**
4. **Any change in a wart or mole.**
5. **Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.**
6. **Persistent hoarseness or cough.**
7. **Any change in normal bowel habits.**

1. **Learn the seven danger signals** listed here that give early warning of the possibility of cancer. Remember, these signals are not sure signs of cancer.
2. **Have periodic medical examinations.** These are especially important because nearly 50 percent of all cancers occur in body sites that can be readily examined by the doctor.

Cancer still ranks second as a cause of death — but cancer is *not* hopeless. With today's weapons, medical science is saving many Canadian lives each year.

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Minority Report

A Voice in the Wilderness

by The Earl of Cardigan

The clamor of a general election in Britain effectively drowned a voice which, just before the dissolution of Parliament, had been briefly heard crying in the wilderness. It was the voice of James Forbes, a board member of the British Travel and Holiday Association, and he was lamenting the peculiar difficulty of his task in persuading more people from various lands to spend their holidays in Britain.

Mr. Forbes (if I know my countrymen at all) would have been howled down in any event; yet the points which he made are interesting enough to deserve a moment's thought.

He pointed out that those hardy enough to come to our country on holiday must necessarily arrive by sea or air, after a voyage which may have been rough and uncomfortable. They may reasonably wish to restore their morale by means of, let us say, a whisky and soda; but, unless the hour of their arrival comes within one of those periods sanctified by Act of Parliament, they are forthwith told, in words reminiscent of the music-hall policemen, that "you can't do that there 'ere". They are offered the alternative of a cup of tea — which may please some, but will certainly irritate others.

From their port of arrival, Mr. Forbes pointed out, the visitors may make their way to London. Here they may count on enjoying a glass of wine with their dinner; but if the holiday spirit should impel them to continue their conviviality later into the evening, they are likely to find both wine and glasses, at a fixed but to them unpredictable hour, peremptorily removed. And it will be of little comfort to them to be told that, if they had dined in a different licensing district, or if they had patronized a more expensive restaurant with an "extension" licence, they might not have been thus affronted at so early an hour.

Mr. Forbes is reported as attacking this state of affairs on practical and economic grounds, since "we take time and trouble and spend money to develop our tourist trade". He argued that "it follows, surely, that visitors have every right to expect that we will provide amenities which they want and for which they are prepared to pay".

At first sight, the argument seems reasonable; but what Mr. Forbes overlooked is the extraordinary strength and durability of that brand of puritan idealism which Britain exported so widely during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Wherever, in any continent or climate, this brand of idealism took root, even in countries which have long since severed their connection with the Commonwealth, there will still be found a disposition to regard it as sinful for a person to drink at a time or in circumstances of his own choosing — and I challenge the reader to quote any significant exception to this general rule.

Naturally, the form of such restrictions varies. You may go to Nether Wallop in England (and there is such a place, whether you care to believe it or not) and find that you can drink lawfully at two o'clock in the afternoon but not at 2.15—

or you may go to the capital of Canada's great and friendly neighbor, and find that you may drink lawfully in a sitting posture but may not do so when standing erect. The point at issue may differ, but the principle remains: you may drink on conditions laid down by the government or by the local authority; you may not do so in accordance with your own desires.

This positive difficulty, therefore, confronts reformers such as Mr. Forbes; but in Britain there is a negative objection also. This consists of a vague but strong abhorrence of what has become known as "the Continental Sunday".

It is not a very logical sentiment; for a marked feature of the Continental Sunday is that the European nations who observe it generally begin the day by going to church — in contrast to the British who generally distinguish Sunday by lying late abed. In many quarters, however, our European neighbors are given no credit for their early rising and religious observance; they are merely blamed because, during the remainder of the day, they feel free to enjoy themselves in various ways, which may include meeting their friends in cafés and other places where drinks may be had for the asking.

Englishmen who enjoy their glass of wine or spirits have generally become extremely adept in arranging their daily round so as to allow time for a drink at some hour when drinks may lawfully be had. They therefore suffer little inconvenience — and for the most part they take their holidays abroad, no small part of their annual relaxation being freedom from the need to look at their watches in order to relate their thirst to the official "opening hours".

As for those who make their living by the sale of alcoholic drinks, they are in general even less desirous of any drastic change. It is obvious that, if public houses could remain open at all hours, it would be necessary either to employ two shifts of barmen, thereby doubling labor costs, or else to forfeit a certain amount of custom by closing voluntarily during some part of the day.

As things stand at present in Britain, the proprietor of a public house is in an exceptionally fortunate position. His customers must, by law, come to him at a fixed hour, and at a fixed hour they must depart. No competitor can vie with him by opening at other hours or by staying open longer.

Thus, while one sympathizes with the visitors from other lands (of whom nearly a million come to Britain annually), and while one realizes that they must often be denied refreshment which a more humane system would gladly allow them, it is necessary to face the uncompromising facts. A number of factors have combined to give Britain her tiresome restrictions on the sale of drinks, and those factors continue to prevent any general change.

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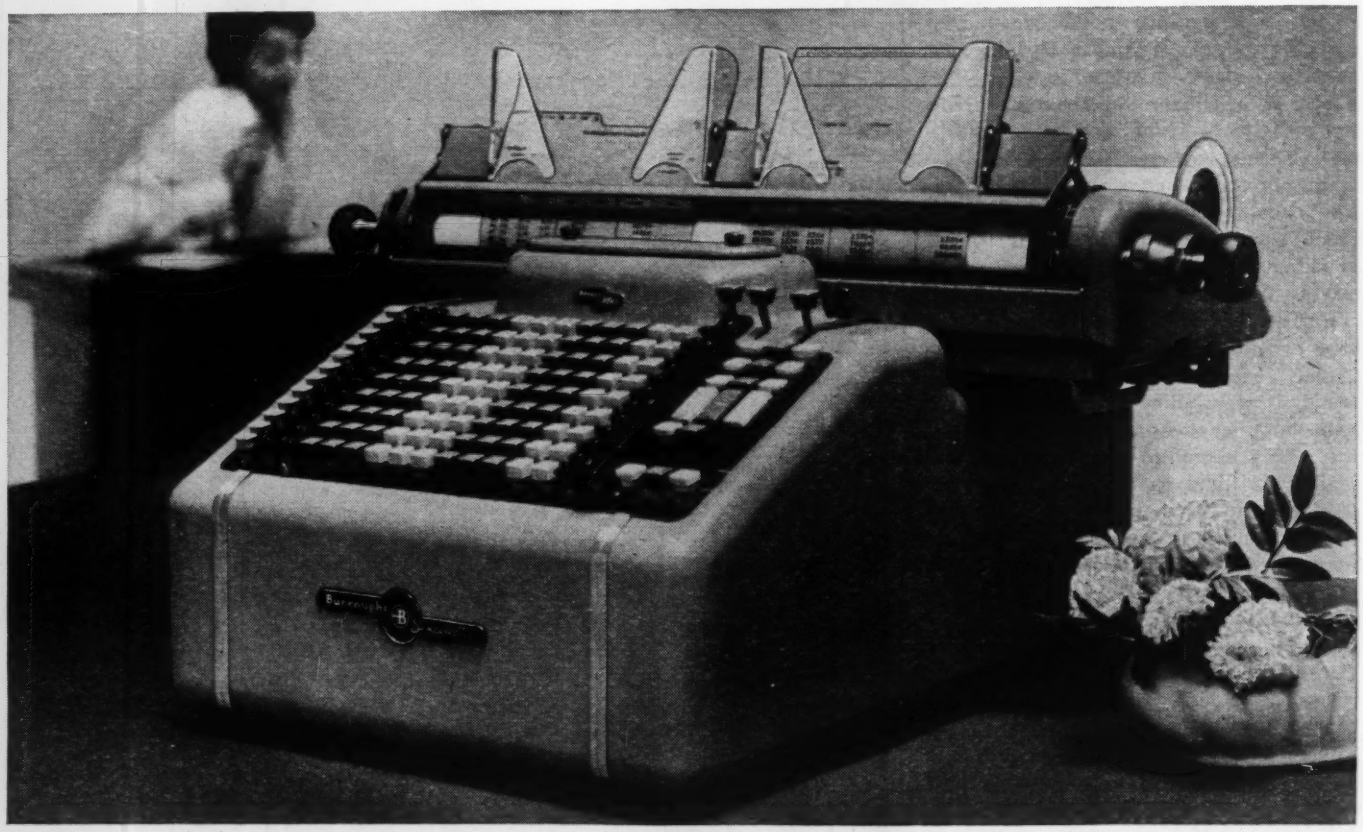

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Foreign Affairs

Live and Let Live

by W. G. Friedmann

It is only gradually becoming apparent how greatly the death of Stalin has affected not only the trend of Soviet policy but the whole outlook in world affairs. In a sense, Stalin made things simple for the West. His policy was at once intransigent and cautious, stubborn and unintelligent. His was the mind of a cunning but limited and, in world affairs, utterly inexperienced, Georgian peasant.

After the war, Stalin's policy was to exploit ruthlessly the greatly increased military power of the Soviet Union, but to withdraw at any serious threat of a major war. It was to expand and fortify the Soviet position wherever possible and never to let go of anything that was once held. Internal subversion was helpful and necessary, but it succeeded nowhere where it was not backed by overwhelming Soviet power, as in Central and Southeastern Europe. In the one case in which the national leader of a small nation had the courage and the prestige to resist, that of Jugoslavia, the Stalin answer was abuse and rage but no action.

When it became evident, soon after the end of the war, that four-power control of Germany would not work, the Stalin policy was to consolidate the Soviet hold over that part of Germany which was in its immediate grasp. And from the end of the war to the present time, Soviet propaganda often talked about German reunification but it never did anything seriously to shake the belief of the great majority of Germans that the USSR would not agree to reunification on acceptable terms. Soviet action, as distinct from words, was designed to turn Eastern Germany into another solid and reliable Soviet satellite.

Once the West had grasped the nature of the Soviet threat, it was a matter of mustering the necessary determination and unity to face it with a counterchallenge. But there was never any serious doubt as to what kind of response it had to be. It had to be the economic, political and military consolidation of Western Europe, backed by the North Atlantic powers. And, as long as Soviet policy remained what it was, there could really be no doubt that, sooner or later, Western Germany had to become the full and equal partner of the Western Alliance.

Russians, Germans and the western powers alike accepted the partition of Germany as a hard fact. While no German politician could afford to admit publicly that there was no serious prospect of the reunification of Germany short of war, the great majority of Germans supported Adenauer's policy, which was based on that very fact. The cold war meant meeting pressure by counterpressure, and for the West this meant the bringing together of all the states that shared enough common interests and values, and were sufficiently aware of the threat to their national integrity, to take countermeasures.

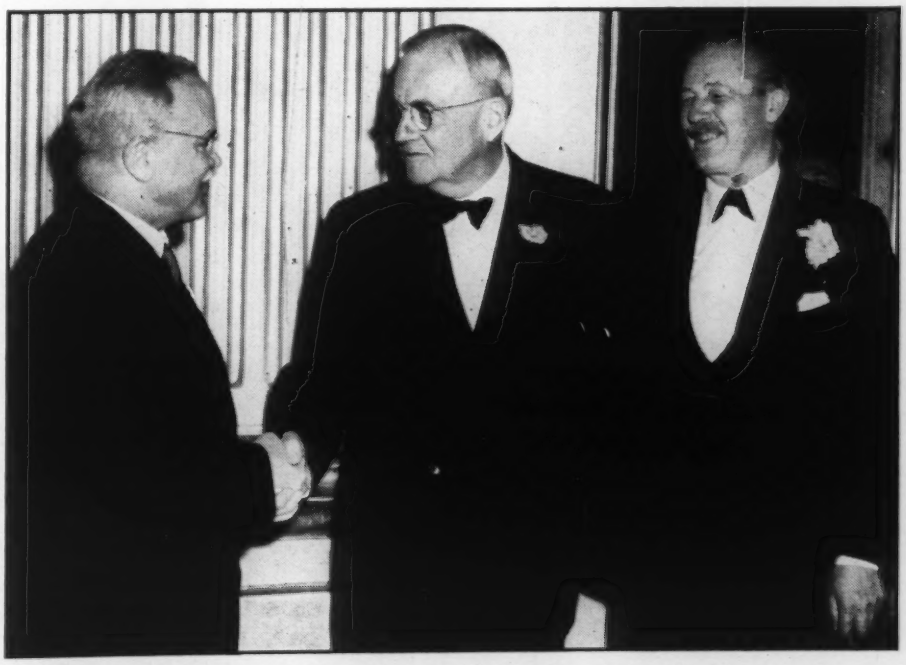
But for the last two years, and especially since the latest change of regime in the Kremlin, Soviet strategy has changed entirely. Of course, the Kremlin still wants to see as many countries as possible turning Communist; of course it still wants to prevent the integration of the major part of Germany with the western democracies. But it goes about these matters in an entirely different way.

The only Stalin-type reaction to West Germany's admission to the NATO and the West European Union, has been the signing of the Warsaw Pact, a kind of eastern NATO. But this is a modest enough reaction which has caused few sleepless hours at the White House, No. 10 Downing Street, or the Quai d'Orsay. The satellite powers now joined in the Warsaw Pact have for years been linked by military assistance treaties with the Soviet Union and been under the control, direct or indirect, of Soviet commanders. Even the formal admission of Eastern Germany only underlines the fact that for some years East Germany has had a well trained and armed "police force", estimated at some 150,000 men. The real significance of the Warsaw Pact lies in a clause at the end of the Treaty, according to which it will become immediately inoperative "in the event of a system of collective security being set up in Europe and a pact to this effect being signed — to which each party to this treaty will direct its efforts".

This is more than mere words. It is part of a new Soviet strategy which is infinitely more subtle, flexible and imaginative than the dour and stubborn Stalin policy. It throws out a new kind of challenge to the West. Hitherto, in the Acheson formula, "negotiate from strength", all the accent has been on the organization of *strength*. Now, the accent will increasingly have to be on *negotiate*, and that with a most redoubtable and resourceful opponent.

The paramount objective of Soviet policy undoubtedly is—perhaps even more determinedly than before—the prevention of a firm and lasting association of Central Europe with the North Atlantic democracies. But in the campaign designed to reach this goal, the East NATO pact is the least important.

Far more significant has been the sudden reversal of Soviet policy on the Austrian treaty. This was ready for signature nearly six years ago. Then, Soviet policy still was unwilling to give up any military outpost or direct political foothold under its control. Now, Soviet policy realized that Austria could, at relatively small risk



Molotov, Dulles and Macmillan at the signing of the Austrian treaty.

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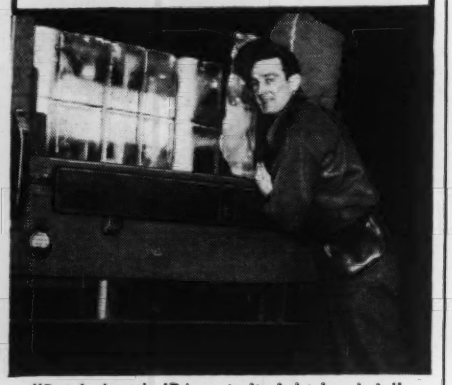

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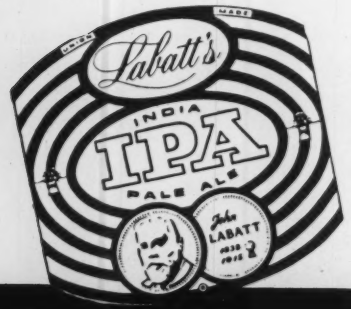

The swing is definitely to

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to Soviet power, be made to appear as a model for a neutralized and reunified Germany. It is a fallacious parallel. Austria has had an all-Austrian government since the end of the war, though one hampered in its sovereignty by the four allied occupation forces; and Austria's political, military and industrial significance is not comparable to that of Germany. A neutralized Austria, like a neutralized Switzerland, is a possible conception. A neutralized Germany is not.

Far too important, geographically, militarily and industrially, to remain for any length of time outside the major pulls of world politics, present-day Germany is at the same time not nearly powerful enough to resist the inevitable pressures and counter-pressures from East and West, even if the Germans were united in their determination to pursue such a policy. But the example of Austria is none the less seductive for being fallacious. For the Austrian treaty comes at a time when West Germany, having recovered her full political sovereignty, is more than ever determined to steer her own political course. Unfortunately, however, Germans are deeply troubled and divided as to what that course should be.

On paper, of course, West Germany's course seems clear. After years of uncertainty, the German parliament has ratified the treaties providing for her admission to NATO, and membership of the West European Union. But no paper treaty will stand up against political realities or a decisive swing in public opinion. And the German army is as yet on paper. Before it can become effective, the German parliament will have to pass the necessary conscription and provision laws, and that by a two-thirds majority. Even the elections of 1953—when Adenauer and his party were at the height of their prestige and influence—did not give him that majority. And the two minor partners of his coalition, the Free Democratic Party and the German Party, have, in the last few weeks, come out with declarations supporting some form of a collective European security system, an idea also sponsored by the main opposition party, the Social Democrats.

Now the European security system is precisely what Soviet policy is after, and what the Warsaw Pact provides for in its final clause. The idea is that a reunited and reasonably armed Germany should combine with other European powers to provide a kind of neutral buffer force between the Soviet Union and the United States. To the Soviets, this is attractive because it would mean the withdrawal of American forces from the continent of Europe. Moreover, it might mean not only the elimination of West Germany from NATO but also perhaps the withdrawal of NATO's other European partners, such as France and Italy, or even Great Britain. For Soviet policy, this is a worthwhile gamble.

If the only price for the neutralization of Germany and the possible disruption of NATO would be the withdrawal of Soviet forces from Eastern Germany, this would be a cheap price indeed. There would be more than a reasonable hope that sooner or later such a fragile European security system would be drawn within the Soviet power, which would no longer be matched by the military power of the United States in Europe.

What, in these confusing circumstances, should western policy be at the conference table? In the first place, the West should insist on genuinely free elections on an all-German basis, as a prerequisite to German reunification. In this, they are likely to have the support of a majority of West Germans. Such an election would almost certainly bring an anti-Communist government to Germany and for this reason it is still more than doubtful that the Soviets will really agree to it. But if they did, the West will have to accept the gamble of a new German government's deciding what its policy would be.

What about the European security system? If the Soviets offer, in return for such a scheme, to abandon their eastern NATO, the West should again take them at their word and insist that not only the formal ties of the Warsaw Pact be dissolved, but that each of the satellite powers be free to form its own national policy and army and that such disentanglement be subject to international supervision and control. It is highly unlikely that the Soviet would take the risk of a truly independent Czechoslovakia, Poland, etc. But the West might have to prepare itself even for the weakening of the painfully built-up NATO organization in Europe, at such a price—which would mean the revival of something like pre-war Europe.

I do not believe that the Soviet Union will accept such a gamble. The outcome of it all is likely to be a consolidation of the present western and eastern alliances and the continued partition of Germany. But there is at present more realism on both sides than for a long time. This may mean more diplomatic exchanges, a loosening of the trade war, and a number of other give-and-take concessions.

The important turn in Soviet policy is that it recognizes the need for some negotiations on a purely realistic basis, that it does not put its faith in world revolution, and that, for internal and other reasons, it does not want war in the near future. This is, therefore, a better moment than at any time since the war, for a realistic policy of live-and-let-live.

Dr. Friedmann is a Professor of Law at the University of Toronto and has made extensive studies of European politics.

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Television

Second Bananas

by Hugh Garner

In burlesque parlance the chief comic is known as the "First Banana", and his assistant as the "Second Banana". It is the assistant comics of television that I am going to talk about.

Some television comedians would be complete flops without the invaluable assistance of their comical partners, while others go it alone, dispensing with any other laugh-getters. Among those who do not use assistant comedians are George Gobel, Red Skelton, Jack Benny (he occasionally uses "Rochester" for extra laughs), and Jimmy Durante. Among those who rely to a great extent on their partners are Milton Berle, Jackie Gleason, Wally Cox, Jack Paar, Sid Caesar, Lucille Ball, Eve Arden, Donald O'Connor and Martha Raye.

Such funnymen as George Gobel, Red Skelton, and Jimmy Durante depend for their straight men (and women) on program guests, and during the past season we have been treated to the sight of Helen Traubel, Lauritz Melchoir, Boris Karloff, and other unlikely stooges cavorting around the stage a little out of breath, but willing to give all for their guest-spot pay cheques.

Some comedy acts rely on a team of comedians, in which each receives equal billing. Such teams as Laurel and Hardy, Burns and Allen, Abbott and Costello, Caesar and Coca, Martin and Lewis, and Amos 'n Andy come quickly to mind. In the case of Caesar and Coca, Imogene Coca found herself tumbling to the foot of the popularity polls after breaking up with Caesar. Without him she is just not funny enough to carry on alone. Martin and Lewis are a case of a funny man and a straight man teaming up together on an equal footing, Jerry Lewis supplying the laughs and Dean Martin taking care of the songs and romantic interest.

Amos 'n Andy, those indestructible laugh-getters, have supplied a new twist to comic partnerships. Many, many years ago, just about the time that we were singing *Dardanella,* a character known as George "Kingfish" Stevens, high potentate of the fraternal order of The Mystic Knights of the Sea, was introduced on the radio program. Today, in both TV and radio, the Kingfish, played by Tim Moore, is the backbone of the show, while Amos hardly appears at all. The success of the Kingfish lies in the fact that he is generally defeated in his crooked schemes, and is laughed at, rather than with — which is one of the most durable forms of true comedy.

But to get back to second bananas. Possibly the best known on TV is Art Carney, who plays the part of Ed Norton in "The Honeymooners" sketch on the Jackie Gleason Show. A fine actor, and a comedian to whom Gleason tosses a lot of juicy lines, he has raised the job of working in a sewer to a laugh-provoking profession. Although he is wonderful playing opposite Gleason, he is as dead as a herring by himself, as was proved last season when Gleason was off for a few weeks and Carney took over a couple of programs.

Nanette Fabray and Sid Caesar.

Wally Cox, as "Mister Peepers", would be a complete flop without the help of several people on his show. Marion Lorne, who plays the fluttering "Mrs. Gurney", is a Helen Hokinson clubwoman brought to life, the best actress in such a role in the business. Tony Randall, who plays "Wes", Mr. Peepers's best friend and fellow school teacher, is a comical braggart, and in this critic's opinion the better comedian of the two, who steals almost every scene he appears in.

Milton Berle, the only TV comedian who can't make me laugh (excepting Eddie Cantor, whom I don't even watch), is forced by circumstances to rely on his assistants much more than comedians who are funny in their own right. Arnold Stang as "Francis" the saucy stagehand, and Ruth Gilbert who plays Berle's diminutive and brainless secretary "Max", raise the Berle Show from its usual level of dullness when they appear. Last fall, when Ruth Gilbert had to leave the show to have a baby, the public, believing that Berle was firing her, raised such a holler that Uncle Miltie was forced to deny the fact before the cameras. She is now back in her role on the Berle Show.

After separating from Imogene Coca, Sid Caesar started his own show, "Caesar's Hour". Many people said that without Coca he would be a flop, but the opposite proved to be true. He is now funnier than ever, with Nanette Fabray in Coca's place, and with the support of his two excellent second bananas, Carl Reiner and Howard Morris, whom he brought with him from "Your Show of Shows". The secret of Reiner and Morris is their ability to portray innumerable comic parts. One of their skits, that of Caesar and Reiner arguing over timetables in a bus depot while they almost strip the smaller Howard Morris who sits between them, is one of the funniest ever seen on television.

Martha Raye, who also uses program guests as stooges, needs an assistant comic like Simpson's needs Eaton's, but she has been using ex-fighter Rocky Graziano as a straight man for the past couple of seasons. Although not funny by any standards of charity or imagination, Graziano is the foil for Martha's unpredictable ebullience, and has become her "goombah", an unnecessary fixture on the show.

Eve Arden, the star of "Our Miss Brooks", would find herself pretty hard up for situations and laughs if it were not for the help she receives from Gale Gordon, who plays the part of her high-school principal, Osgoode Conklin, a sarcastic martinet who has raised the art of bombast to a height seldom approached in comedy situations. Lucille Ball and her husband Desi Arnaz, the most successful comedy team ever to stick at the top of a popularity poll, rely for much of their success on the comical counterpoint of Bill Frawley and Vivian Vance, who play the roles of Fred and Ethel Mertz on their show. The Mertzes, an ordinary-looking pair of neighbors who fit the show like a pair of comfortable old shoes, supply the human touch without which "I Love Lucy" could deteriorate into a brassy family squabble.

Though most second bananas get their share of laughs on a show, experience has shown that they do their best work playing second fiddle to the star comedian. By themselves most of them lack that indefinable something that makes a comic great. Each complements the other; without the star they would be nothing, while without *them* some stars might lose their means of livelihood. Both the stars and their assistants are necessary for success, whether either of them likes it or not.

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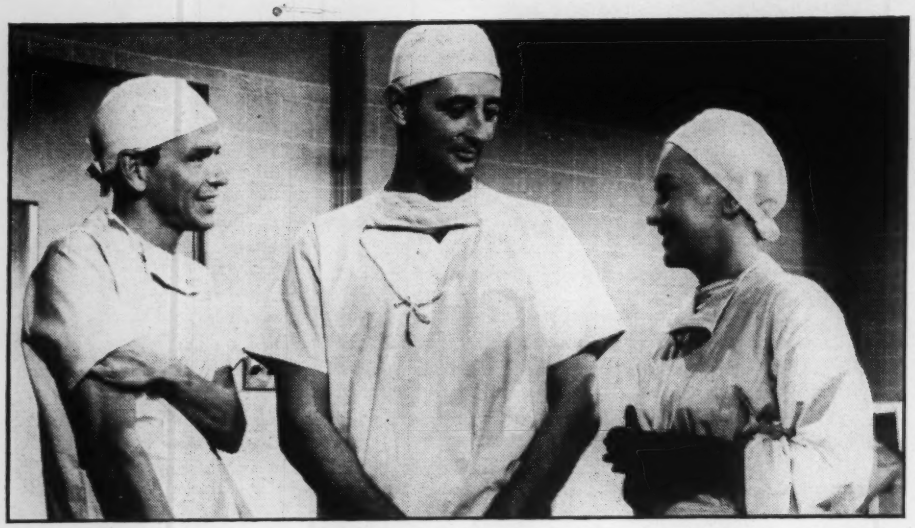


Frank Sinatra, Robert Mitchum and Olivia de Havilland in Not as a Stranger.

Films

The Walter Mitty in Us

by Mary Lowrey Ross

It isn't true that the movies are made for the twelve-year-old intelligence. They are made for the experts (about 2 per cent) who can read an instrument panel, a weather map, or a cardiograph at a glance. They are also made for the rest of us (roughly 98 per cent) who know nothing whatever about these mysteries, but have learned to identify ourselves with the experts in the dark security of the movies. They are made, in fact, for the Walter Mittys.

The goggled airman coolly interpreting signals two miles above the earth with a wing on fire; the man in the control room, impassively intoning; the masked surgeon operating in his awful little nimbus of light; the masked nurse delivering instruments with a brisk forehand drive, like a tennis stylist — for the moment of crisis, these beings are ourselves, their competence is our competence, and it doesn't matter in the least that most of the terms are unintelligible or that a great deal of their activity doesn't appear to make any sense.

This appears to be the reason that air pictures and hospital pictures are sure successes at the box-office. Especially hospital films, since they present a fearful and fascinating world that we are nearly all bound to enter sooner or later. The advantages of entering as a hospitalized movie-goer rather than an ordinary patient are obvious. As movie-goers we can peer over the shoulders of the operating surgeon, examine the cardiograph readings, and study the ominous clouded areas in the X-ray plates. Nothing is denied us and nobody finds it necessary to explain. In fact, we are treated as though we were visiting colleagues from the Mayo clinic. It's no wonder that we love it.

Not as a Stranger, screen version of Morton Thompson's best-seller, opens with an autopsy and closes with a full-scale cardiac operation, with half a dozen major and minor operations and a typhoid epidemic along the way. A number of these operations, it seems, were performed on actual patients. They include a screen-sized glimpse of a human heart, exposed and palpitant, and a sequence showing an open safety-pin being delivered from a human stomach. It is a grimly clinical film and some of the shots may give you the same sense of startled incredulity that H. G. Wells's Kipps felt when he first peered into a doctor book. ("Chubes!" whispered Kipps, "chubes!")

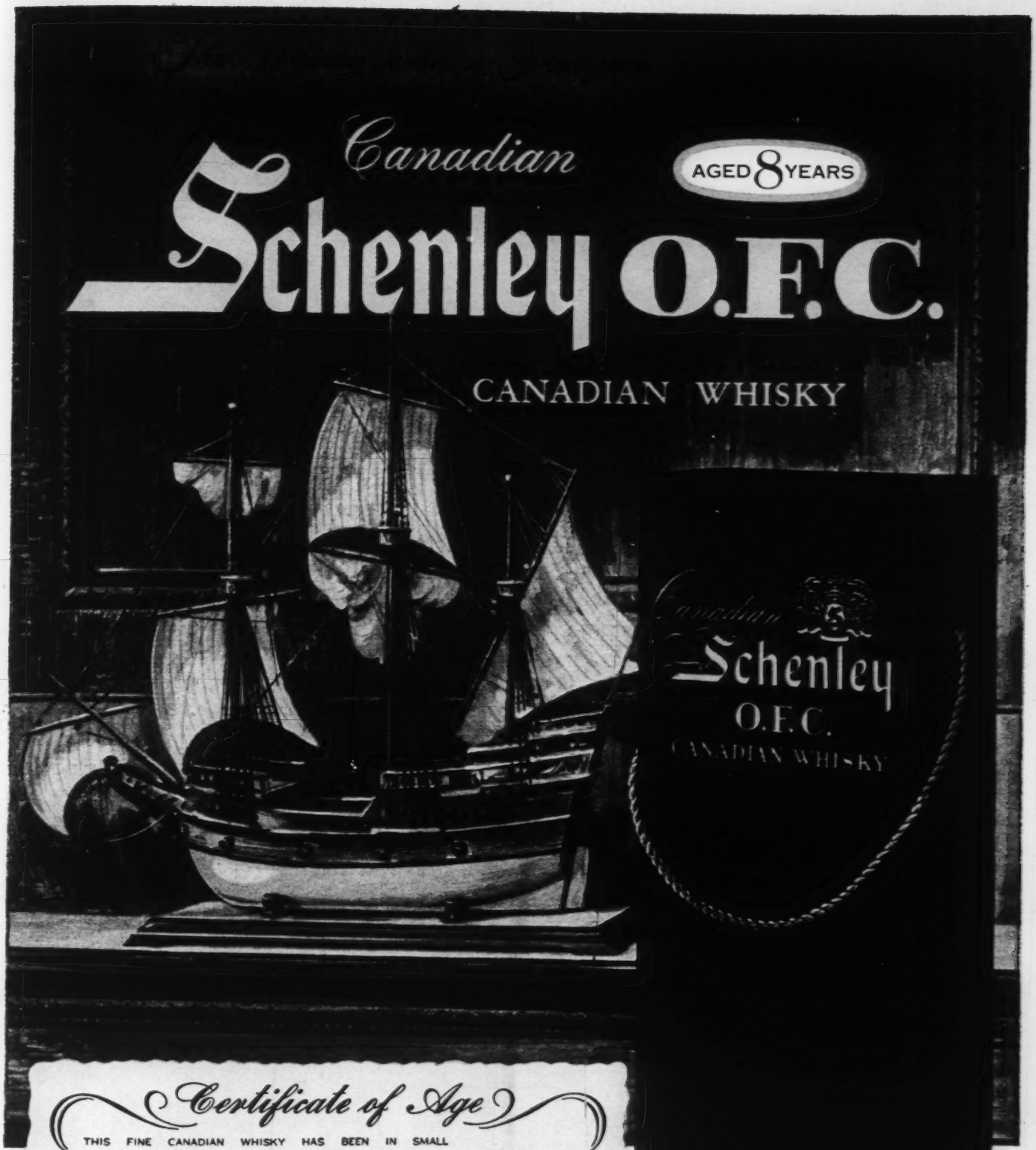
The story has to do with a brilliant medical student (Robert Mitchum), who finds himself badly pressed for tuition fees. His eye brightens, however, when he discovers that the head surgical nurse (Olivia de Havilland) has saved $4,000. "You're nicely put together," he points out to her during a perfunctory courtship, and she, poor girl, is too infatuated to realize that he means her bank account is nicely put together. So they marry and before long the unfortunate wife is leading the sort of life, harassed by crises and infidelities, which fills the divorce courts, and, I'm afraid, the day-time radio serials.

However, it is the documentation that counts here. Director Stanley Kramer, who was responsible for *Not as a Stranger,* planted hidden cameras in the wards of four city hospitals and saw to it that his cast attended thirty-seven operations and eight autopsies. As a result of this stiff indoctrination, the cast (which also includes Frank Sinatra, Gloria Grahame, Broderick Crawford and Charles Bickford) comes through impressively. I found it a little hard, however, to believe in Olivia de Havilland as the type of girl that no man, if he could help it, would look at twice. With all its passion for documentation, Hollywood can never quite bring itself to present a plain heroine as actually plain.

The End of the Affair is the screen version of the Graham Greene novel about the British matron who made a deal with God and found the contracting Party unexpectedly stiff about the terms. The film story follows the novel in outline, but it lacks the confidence and intellectual acerbity of the original. Deborah Kerr plays the lady who contracts with the Deity to spare the life of her lover (Van Johnson) and presently finds herself even deeper in theology than she ever was in love. She has a woeful time as she scurries about trying to duck both the contract and the constant showers that drench everybody in the picture. Van Johnson on this occasion is of very little help. The whole affair seemed to be both above everybody's head, and beneath the Deity's notice.

Gate of Hell is the work of producer-director Teinsuke Kinugasa, who picked up his knowledge of modern color process from the Eastman Laboratories and has applied it with a depth and subtlety that Occidental craftsmen have never approximated. The story, which derives from a twelfth century legend, is a tale of destructive passion. A Japanese samurai (Kazuo Hasegawa) falls violently in love with Lady Kesa, a beautiful noblewoman whom he has rescued during a palace revolution. When he discovers that Kesa is already married, he threatens to kill both her and her husband and is brought to his senses only when Kesa sacrifices herself in her husband's place. It is a violent theme, but the picture itself glows with the lucent serenity of a jewel. An entrancingly beautiful film.

The French production *The Wages of Fear,* an earth-bound film, is strictly concerned with human destiny, which it handles with a chilling disregard for the nerves and sympathies of its audience. On second thought, "disregard" is hardly the word here. In telling his story of four wastrels commissioned to transport two truckloads of nitro-glycerine over 300 frightful miles of road, Director Henri-Georges Clouzot devotes his attention scrupulously and ingeniously to tightening the screws on his audience's nerves. Some of his tricks are old, but they are all effective.



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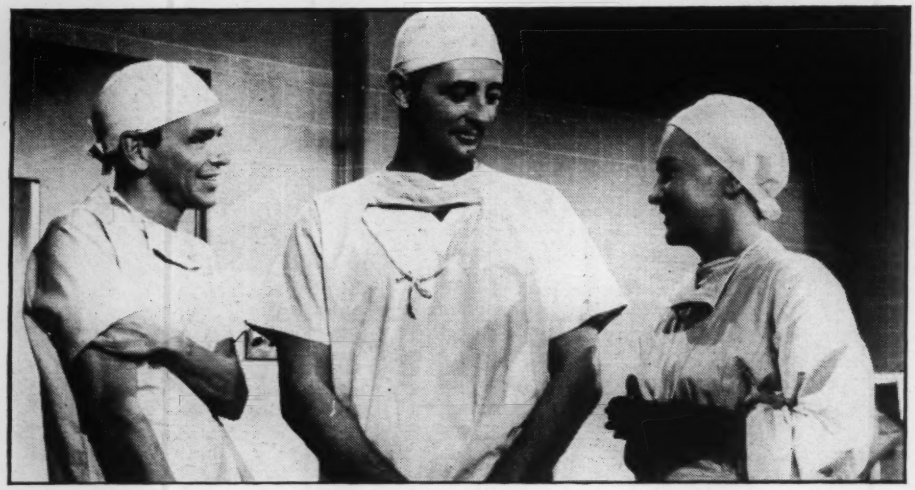

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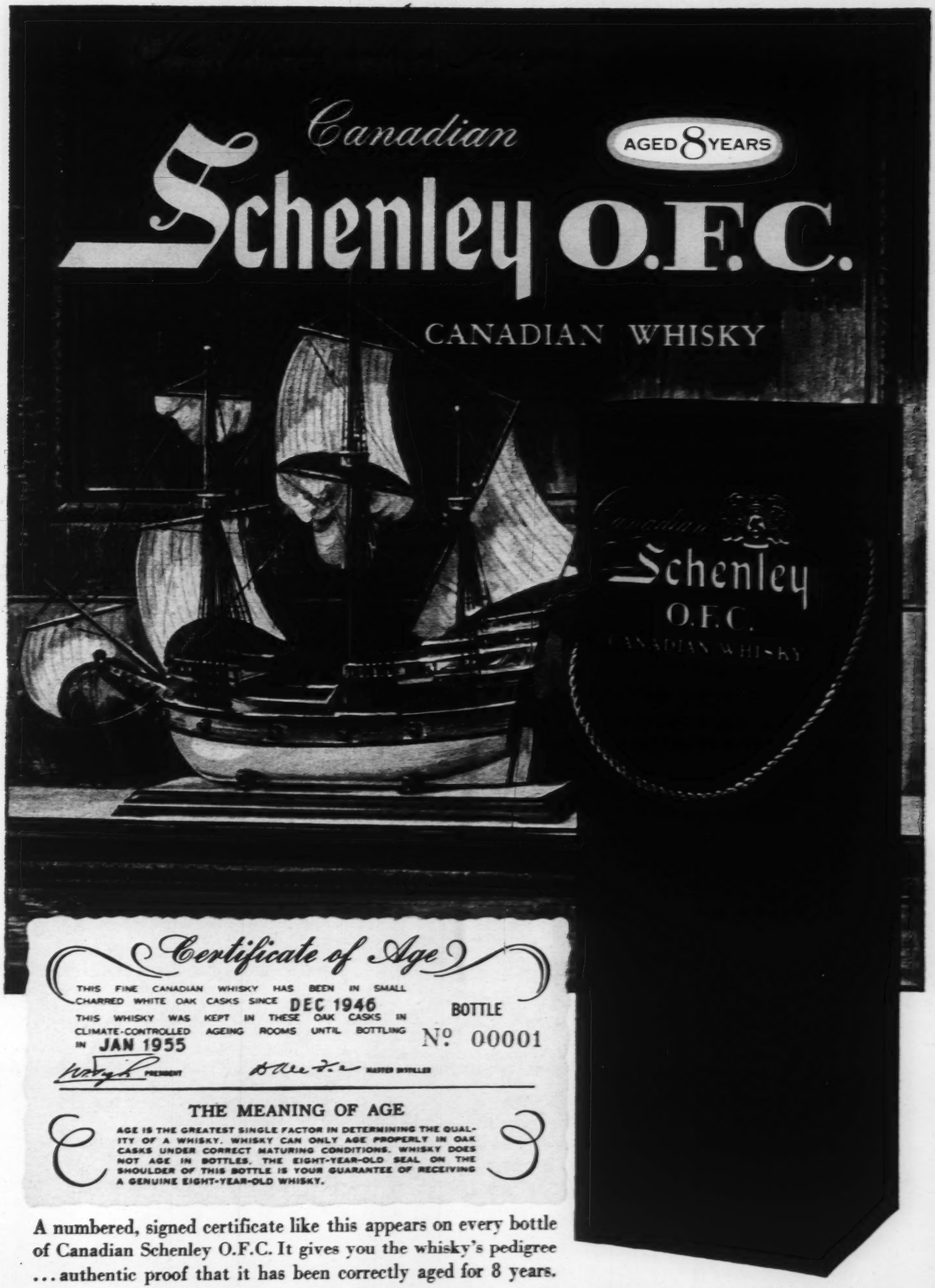
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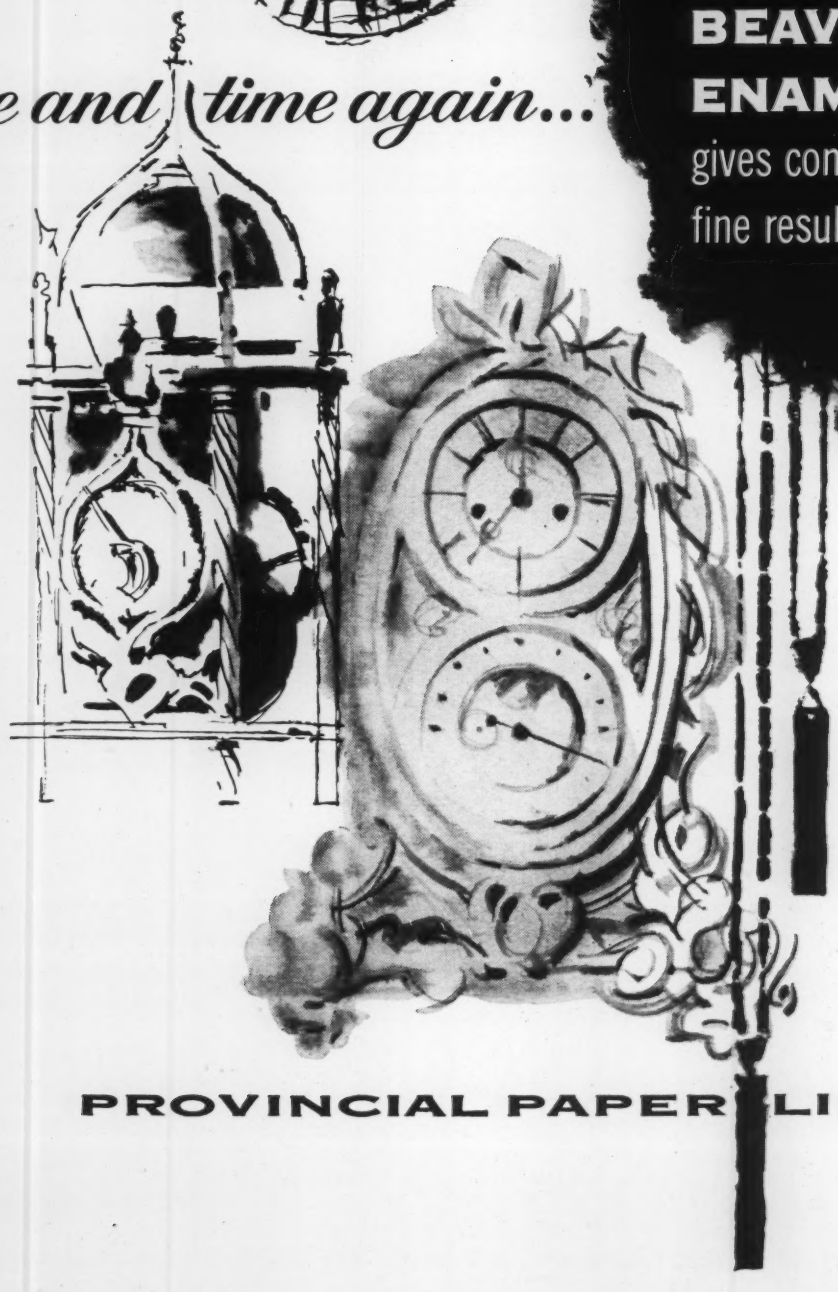

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Books

Literature's Twin Sister

by Robertson Davies

Even in the most compressed editions, the works of Francis Parkman run to seven formidable volumes, and that is why my attitude toward this great historian has been for so many years one of respectful, guilty ignorance. I felt that I should read Parkman, but when was I to settle down to that task? From time to time I met people who said, often with conscious intellectual pride, "I'm reading Parkman this winter", but I never seemed to have a winter for Parkman alone. So I seized with glee upon *The Parkman Reader,* which is a boiling-down by Samuel Eliot Morison of the seven big books; its 518 pages have given me keen pleasure, and I recommend it with enthusiasm to those who have never had a winter for Parkman.

Samuel Eliot Morison

It makes wonderfully easy reading. Not trivial reading, or reading which encourages the skipper, but the kind of reading which sweeps you along, all sails spread, before a wind which is composed of learning, a fine understanding of humanity, and a splendid style. I have never completely believed that dictum that "hard writing makes easy reading", but Parkman is a powerul argument in support of it. Because of a nervous illness which was not understood in his day, and which might puzzle the psychiatrists of the twentieth century, he wrote with utmost difficulty; sometimes a few lines a day, dictated or written by hand with terrible effort, were all that he could achieve. The composition of this great history of the New World was a heroic act which engaged the best efforts of a long and afflicted life. But Parkman's prose reads as though it were the torrential utterance of some superhumanly gifted orator.

Parkman was not what is today called a "scientific historian". That is to say, he did not present all the evidence and leave the reader to make up his own mind; he sifted the evidence himself, and presented what he believed to be the truth, expressing it with all the force of persuasion that he could command. It is this quality which makes it a pleasure to read him.

We can discount some of his strong prejudices, and we can easily make allowance for his nineteenth century belief that history was inevitably a tale of improvement; the discreet editorial work of Samuel Eliot Morison keeps us from accepting as fact matters which later research than Parkman's has shown to be untrue; but we have no wish to discount the enthusiasm with which he pursues his theme, and we are stimulated and refreshed by the distinction of mind and the nobility and generosity of judgment which are apparent on nearly every page. Parkman is of the school of Gibbon; he looks upon himself as our expert guide to the past, and he employs every device of rhetoric and wit to make our journey, under his direction, a great adventure.

That is to say, he writes for the ordinary reader. This is what the "scientific historian" does not choose to do. His reasons for rejecting the ordinary reader are honorable and comprehensible; he wants to nail down the truth if he can, but when he cannot he wants to submit all the existing evidence to a trained judgment—the judgment of another historian. In order to understand the difference between Parkman and the scientific historians of our own day, we must ourselves consider a relevant historical fact: in Gibbon's time, and in Parkman's, the ordinary reader meant a man who had had a classical education, and whose mind was cast in the same mould—though not necessarily so large or so acute—as that of the historian; but in our day the ordinary reader is quite likely to be someone who has had no training in humane studies at all—he may be a scientist, or a specialist of some narrow kind—and the writer of his-

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tory cannot expect such a reader to share any of his mental attitudes. Scientific historians regard this as good reason not to write for ordinary readers; I do not share their opinion, but I see why they hold it.

As one of the greatest of living historians, G. M. Trevelyan, puts it, "Disinterested intellectual curiosity is the life blood of real civilization". And such disinterested intellectual curiosity is likely to crop up anywhere, at any time. You may train a man to be a technician, keeping him from any contact with humane studies, but you cannot be certain that, at the age of forty, he will not become curious about the past of mankind. Is he to be rebuffed by the gritty scrupulosities of "scientific history" or is he to go on the great adventure with Parkman?

I am for the great adventure, every time. And I am grateful to Samuel Eliot Morison for putting so much of Parkman within my grasp, so that I can share that adventure without having to set aside a whole winter in which to do it.

"Literature and history are twin sisters," says Trevelyan. We like history best when it is written by a master. The Oxford University Press has brought out a neat little volume in the World's Classics which comprises selections from the Earl of Clarendon's history of the Civil War in England; this is one of the great instances of a man of genius writing the history of his own times. Clarendon was, of course, a Royalist, and one of the surprises of his History is the remarkable fairness with which he treats the Cromwellian party; he does not understand their reasons, but he does not therefore impute base motives to them. He was a man who knew virtually everybody worth knowing in his day, and his writings abound with little character sketches of them; personally, I wish that he had said more about their appearance and behavior, and less about what he believed to be their character, but that was not the fashion of his time.

This small volume would serve as a good companion to *The King's Peace* by C. V. Wedgwood, which is the first volume of three which are to be a history of the Civil War; this volume carries us from 1637 to 1641, during which period the grievances against Charles I (and also, it must be said, some of the wrongs and misunderstandings toward him which gave rise to those grievances) arose, and I found it exciting and rich entertainment. Miss Wedgwood is the sort of modern historian whom I most admire; she has taken the best from the modern scientific school — its determination to achieve accuracy and balance — but she writes in the tradition of the older school of Gibbon, Macaulay, Parkman and Trevelyan. She never forgets that history may have some obligation to scientific method, but that at its best it is a form of art. "The motive of history is at bottom poetic," says Trevelyan, and Miss Wedgwood may

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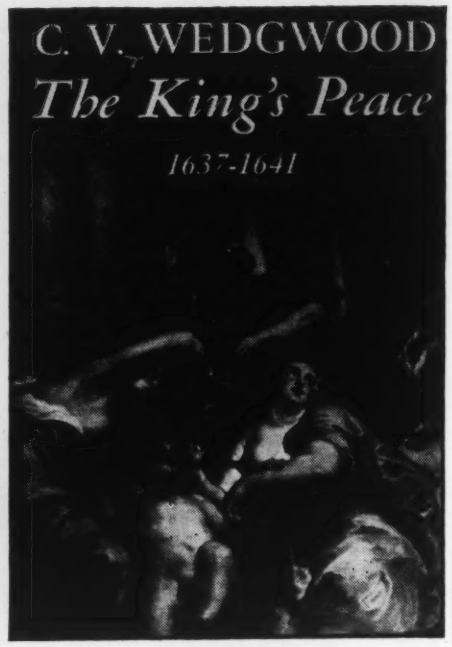

Jacket Design

well have had that hanging above her desk as she wrote.

Poetic history is given a slight but pleasing treatment in a small book called *Myth or Legend?* which is a reprint of a series of talks given over the BBC in 1952, on such subjects as Lyonesse and the Lost Lands of England, The City of Troy, The Flood, The Druids and Stonehenge. Each talk was given by an authority on the subject, and the book and its many excellent illustrations strengthen the faith of the poetic dreamer. Behind each legend lies a surprising quantity of fact; I say surprising, because there is a widespread tendency to believe that the more poetic a thing is, the less likely it is to be true. For myself, I must say that I have come to assume that if something is genuinely poetic — poetic in the great sense — it is certainly rooted in some great truth. This pleasant little book encouraged me in that determination.

The Parkman Reader, edited by Samuel Eliot Morison—pp. 524 and maps. *Little Brown—$6.75.*

Clarendon, edited by G. Huehns—World's Classic, pp. 491 and index. *Oxford—$1.75.*

The King's Peace, by C. V. Wedgwood—pp. 485, illustrations and index. *Collins—$5.00.*

Myth or Legend, pp. 125 and photographs and drawings. *Clarke Irwin—$2.10.*

•

Dalton, Ga.—Three women were shot yesterday in what officers described as the culmination of a dispute in which a woman cafe operator accused a young divorcee of flirting with her husband . . . The sheriff said Mrs. Pryor, wounded by a buckshot charge in the stomach, not involved in the dispute, was caught in the line of fire.—*International News Service.*

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No Room for Sentimentality

(Cover Story)

"Here is an actor compact of passion from his boots up, full of sound and fury even when he is standing still saying nothing." This was James Agate's summing up of Frederick Valk, the Czechoslovakian actor who plays Shylock in this year's production of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Stratford (Ontario) Shakespearean Festival. It is impossible to watch Mr. Valk in rehearsal for an hour without agreeing with Agate. Even in the pernickety early stages, where backing up and starting again with a slightly different emphasis or interpretation or movement is the order of procedure, the tremendous power of the man comes across. Indeed, he gives such an impression of strength and latent energy that one wonders if he may not overwhelm the others and throw the play out of balance by sheer dynamics.

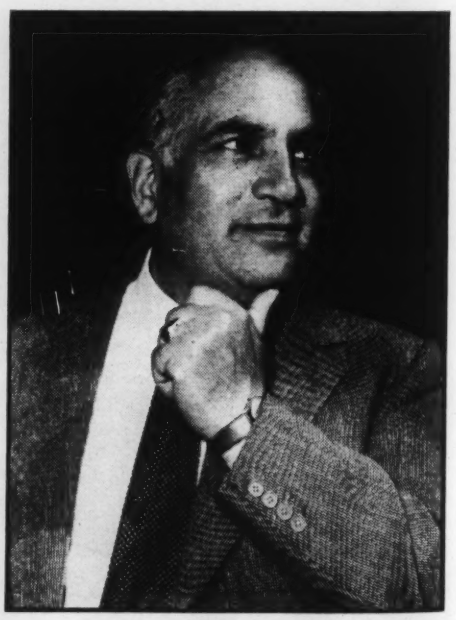
Five minutes' conversation with him is enough to dispel this doubt. Here is no actor tearing a passion to tatters for histrionic effect, but a lively, analytical intelligence, who has developed a sort of empathy towards his part, bringing to it all the resources that nature has endowed him with and that technique has perfected. The great voice that on stage seemed to alternate between double forte and pianissimo modulates to an easy conversational pitch; the flashing eyes turn out to be a mild brown; the precise diction of declamation is overlaid with a pleasant Germanic accent; only the stocky, thick-set build remains the same. His skin is tanned, his hair grey; he is immaculately groomed, with none of the bohemian or bizarre style of dress actors so often affect. He looks like a successful business man or a professor of assured prestige. Yet he says he was born wanting to act, that there was nothing else he could do.

His parents didn't agree and he met the resistance and prejudice that families often mete out to children who want to be different by going to see Max Grube, the leading theatrical director in his home town of Hamburg. "He was a generous, warm-hearted man," Mr. Valk says. "I told him I wanted to act, that I wanted to go to school to study acting, that my parents disapproved. He gave me an audition, he offered me a contract, he went to see my parents, and I became an actor."

His first Shakespearean role, Richard III, he played at Lubeck where he had been asked to become the leading character actor in the civic theatre. He played an enormous number of parts there. The system of state and civic subsidization of theatres made for a variety of plays and considerable experimentation. In 1932 he went to Czechoslovakia to act. When Hitler came to power in Germany, Valk, of Jewish parentage, applied for Czech citizenship and got it. In 1939, he and his aged mother went to England and Valk began his career over again.

"This was difficult," he says, "because my English *then* was not at all sufficient and the profession was overcrowded. Luck was with me. After three months came the production of Sidney Howard's *Alien Corn*. There was a part in it, the music professor from Vienna, where an actor with a Teutonic accent was essential. Again I was lucky. I got the part against stiff competition. Then I did a film for Sir Carol Reed, *Night Train to Munich*. The director who was doing Ardrey's *Thunder Rock* had seen me and decided that if I could play one professor, I could play another. *Thunder Rock* opened in London's West End with Michael Redgrave in the lead. The Old Vic sent it on tour and Tyrone Guthrie, who was managing-director of the Old Vic then, came to me while we were on tour and asked me if I would play Shylock. This was a thunderbolt of an offer. I was cheeky enough to say, 'Thank you, yes'."

Subsequently Valk played *Othello* under Dr. Guthrie's direction. He undertook this part with considerable trepidation be-



Frederick Valk: Born to act.

cause he realized that to play the gigantic emotional crises of *Othello* and to fail to convey their full poetic value—a challenge that has floored many a native-born actor—would endanger his career in England. He took the gamble and it came off. The London critics were moved to superlatives. These are not things that Valk says about himself; they are in the records of the theatrical criticism of our time. When they are quoted to him, Mr. Valk accepts them without false modesty. "Naturally I was pleased to be compared to Irving."

He has little patience with the queasiness of audiences nor does he understand why certain people look on *The Merchant of Venice* as an anti-Semitic play. "The theatre is not a nursing-home to give sedatives to biased people," he says. "The play contains the greatest plea for justice ever written. As an actor it is my profession to understand all sorts of views. It is so easy for the individual to slip into self-pity, and so fatal. Self-pity breeds arrogance and when that happens in a nation, Fascism results. What is, is; if art speaks it out, it is good so."

Sooner or later he supposes he would have come to North America, but he is particularly delighted to have been invited to Stratford this summer to play under Dr. Guthrie. He had seen the film *The Stratford Adventure* and was much impressed by it; when Dr. Guthrie invited him, he accepted readily and he and his wife (a tall, blonde Englishwoman, who helped him perfect the language) immediately began reading books about Canada and by Canadians. Their two boys, William who is six, and Robin who is not quite eight, are with them.

He feels that playing on the stage at Stratford gives him a new freedom of action, which, in turn, means a fresh conception of the part. Surrounded by an audience, he says, the unnecessary things and the little things that may not be sincere are cut out. His Shylock is to be no odious, cringing figure, but a magnificent, full-blown, elemental person of Renaissance status.

"I am happy on this stage," he told us. "I have a feeling as if I were playing in fresh air. It is like stepping out of a chamber onto a heath. There is plenty of room for sentiment, but no room for sentimentality."

His fellow actors seem to be happy with him, too. He is "Freddy" to everyone from Dr. Guthrie down. His continental courtesy, his gentleness and geniality have won him many friends. Already there is a considerable accretion of kindly stories about him. He is a challenging person to play with—"a tornado" says one, "a virtuoso" says another, "such a nice person" says a third. What the critics will say, next week will tell. One thing is certain: there will be plenty of discussion, for Canada has never seen a Shylock like this.

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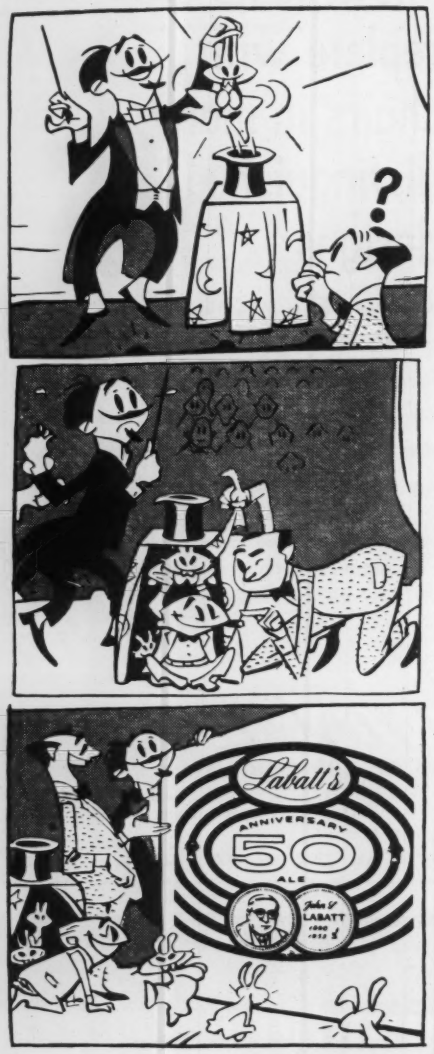

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Chess Problem

by "Centaur"

In his book *How to Solve Chess Problems,* the New Jersey composer and writer, Kenneth S. Howard, observes that expert solvers vary their method according to the type of problem they are unravelling. It is the speedy detection of the best approach which is the secret of quick solving. The pure waiting-move key in a two-mover is readily discovered by the process of elimination, and when no such key is possible in a problem of this type, it is realized that it is either a mutate or a block-threat, and the difficult final stage calls for concentration.

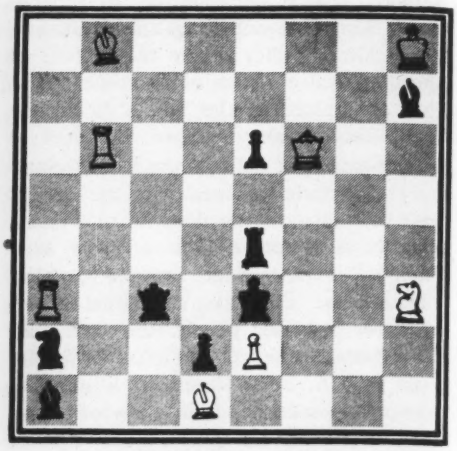
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 118.

1.Q-Kt2, QxRch; 2.Kt-K5 mate. If QxQR; 2.Kt-Q4 mate. If KxR; 2.KtxQ mate. If Q-Kt7 or QxQ; 2. R-Q6 mate.

The threat is 2.Kt-K5 mate, and it is also the answer to PxR. If Q-Q5, then 2.KtxQ mate. This is an interesting early masked battery two-mover, with all three pieces white.

PROBLEM NO. 119, by K. S. Howard.

Black—Eight Pieces.



White—Eight Pieces.

White mates in two.

To Your Taste, Bud?

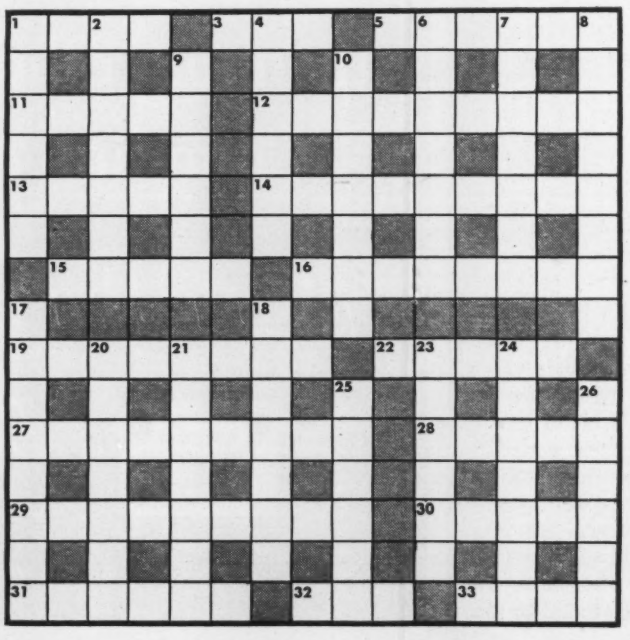
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

Across

1. See 32.
3. See 12.
5. Without its tail, 6 could turn and spin. (6)
11. Doesn't necessarily take an old soak to do this. (5)
12, 3. Where to see the marathon racer? (2,3,4,3)
13. Get in, putting on the dog. (5)
14. Van Gogh's media here embraces one of his natural subjects. (9)
15. A "do" the Royal Engineers love. (5)
16. Always up-to-date and out-of-date. (8)
19. When it is, it is no longer questionable. (8)
22. Worry Henry. (5)
27. Always the color to make one spruce? (9)
28. A pie's done up brown. (5)
29. "Lend me your ears!" Whoever said that is only half there. (9)
30. Does Sitwell do this as well? (5)
31. Then Richard is partly responsible for this! (6)
32, 9, 32, 1, 32, 20, 32, 33. Suggests that really fine taste is more than skin deep. (3,6,3, 4,3,7,3,4)
33. See 32.

Down

1. Starts bobbing up and down. (6)
2. Have you seen that the refrigerator is defrosted? (7)
4. The U.N. is getting on, but still not in harmony. (6)
6. To do this comes naturally to the head of a republic. (7)
7. One did, perhaps, who was led by a strange odor. (7)
8. Reginald, maybe, is trying to do without gin at last. (8)
9. See 32
10. A Latin I am! (7)
17. Mangle. (Like some laundries do!) (8)
18. Individual, but not an individual. (7)
20. See 32.
21. This study of one's offspring should come to a nice conclusion, when adjusted. (7)
23. Does the fool sit around when help is needed? (6)
24. TUP. (7)
25. Take a chants on getting this! (6)
26. Nehru appears to have adversely criticized his title. (6)



SOLUTION TO LAST PUZZLE

Across

1. Wotan
4. Bus
6. Degas
9. Fricassee
10. Nyasa
11. Letters of credit
13. Sinatra
16. Imitate
17. Camp bed
19. Dresser
22. Distress signals
25. Noise
27. Lohengrin
28. Emend
29. Ebb
30. Andes

Down

1. Waffles
2, 15. Tristan and Isolde
3. Nuage
4. Busts
5. Siegfried
6. See 24
7. Grandma
8. Seattle
12. Rhine
14. Tabor
15. See 2
17. Cadence
18. Misfire 20. Scarred
21. Resents 23. Sahib
24, 6. Gunga Din
26. End

(367)

Sports

Old Dogs—New Tricks

by Jim Coleman

A few weeks ago, before he was tapped for the thankless job of managing the St. Louis Cardinals, Harry "The Hat" Walker was lounging in an International League stadium and delivered himself of the opinion that no athlete is at his peak until he reaches the age of 30.

Although "The Hat" used the word "athletes", it is likely that he was speaking specifically of baseball players. We doubt whether he has conducted much physiological research among football players, hockey players, pugilists, crap-shooters and seven-horse parlay bettors.

Not wishing to quarrel publicly with a man who is courageous enough to take over the management of the Cardinals, we crept away to our library and pulled out a copy of *The Official Encyclopedia of Baseball*. This invaluable publication lists the vital statistics of all gentlemen who played baseball in the Major Leagues.

The record book would appear to bear out Mr. Walker's theory, as far as baseball is concerned. We flipped the pages until we came to the name of the immortal Adrian Constantine "Cap" Anson. (The adjective "immortal" in baseball is applied to any man who was voted into the game's Hall of Fame.) Well, Cap was born at Marshalltown, Iowa, in April, 1851 and joined Rockford of the National Association when he was 20. The next year he joined the Philadelphia Athletics and when he was 29 he jumped to the National League to manage the Chicago Cubs.

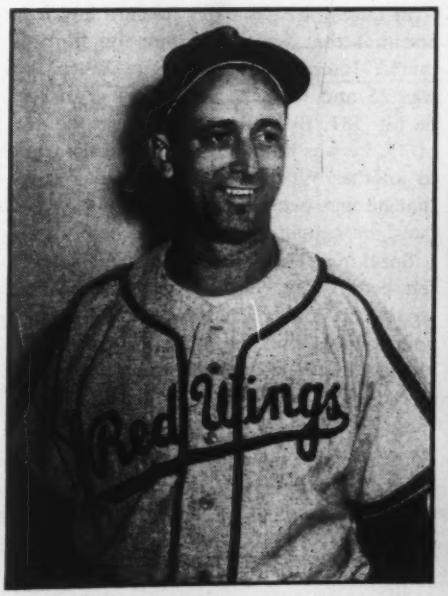
In his first year at Chicago, his managerial chores were so arduous that he managed to play only 84 games at first base, second base, shortstop and third base and had an anaemic batting average of .338.

When he was 30, his batting average was .399. At 36 he was reaching his true form; he played in 122 games and his average was .421. By the time he was 43, he was batting .394 and at the age of 46, after he had played 112 games and hit .302, he decided to hang up his glove.

In the all-important department of pitching, it was obvious that any painstaking reporter should look up the name of the immortal Walter "The Big Train" Johnson. Walter Perry Johnson, known among his whist-playing associates as "Barney", was born at Humboldt, Kansas, in 1887. He broke into the American League with Washington at the age of 19 and, immediately, opposing batsmen accused him of throwing aspirin tablets rather than regulation baseballs.

Mr. Johnson, apart from his remarkable prowess on the diamond, gained some international prestige by hurling a silver dollar across the Potomac River. (Johnson always was free with his money.) In accomplishing this feat he emulated General George Washington, who didn't reach his athletic peak until he was in his mid-forties. Johnson had eye-witnesses to attest to his prowess whereas General Washington's legendary toss is supported principally by his unimpeachable reputation for veracity. A kid who would admit chopping down a cherry tree scarcely could be questioned when he gave his own word that he had shied a coin from one bank to another bank.

In any event, Mr. Johnson's most productive years as a member of the Washington Senators were at the ages of 25 and 26 when he won 32 games and 36 games respectively. At 25, he also lost 12 decisions and at 26 he lost only seven games. But, to go along with Harry Walker's theory, the great Johnson still was a remarkable pitcher at the age of 37 and 38. When he was 37, he won 23 games for the Senators while losing only seven. The next year, he won another 20 games for the Senators while losing seven. It is a matter



Harry "The Hat" Walker: Geriatrist.

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of record that Johnson was a much smarter pitcher at 37 than he was in his most productive season at the age of 26.

As they say in Brooklyn, leave us press on to the career of the immortal Tyrus Raymond "Ty" Cobb, known to sports-readers as "The Georgia Peach".

Tyrus played in the American League from 1905 until 1928 and he established records that are never likely to be equalled. In 1911, when he had reached the ripe old age of 25, he hit the ball for a shocking average of .420. But, the astounding part of it was that, at the age of 36, when he was manager of the Detroit Tigers, he was hitting the ball at a .401 clip. When he was stumbling around the Philadelphia Athletics' outfield at 42, he was batting .323.

In our own set, our personal baseball hero was Roger "Rajah" Hornsby, who didn't hit his magnificent .424 average for a season until he was 29 years of age and was in his tenth season in the National League. It must be remembered, too, that Hornsby was further remarkable in that, when he was establishing that batting average, he was hitting with his bat in one hand and a copy of The Daily Racing Form in the other hand.

Hornsby was the only man who could execute the "squeeze-play" successfully while reading the past performances of the entries in the second race at Belmont Park. To substantiate Mr. Walker's claims, Hornsby hit .387 when he was the bookmakers' delight at 32.

To pursue the subject further, it is possible to point out that Charles Benjamin "Babe" Adams, pitching for the Pittsburgh Pirates, won 21 games while losing 10 when he was 30 and still was winning 13 while losing 7 at the age of 40. For that matter, in the more modern era, Luke Appling was still playing shortstop for Chicago White Sox at the age of 40 and hitting a nice .301.

In talking of baseball's modern era, it is essential that we should mention the immortal Joseph Paul DiMaggio. When Joe was 25 and with the New York Yankees, he hit .381. But, 10 years later, at the age of 35, he was hitting .346 and led his team to another World Series triumph. I guess that he was over the hill at 35, but a year later, he caught Marilyn Monroe.

Speaking personally, I'm 43 and I never felt better. I've been rolling the dice better than ever this year. The way things are going, I feel that the old arm is good for at least another 20 big seasons.

•

For the last four years there had been so little difference in the policies of the Conservative and Labour parties that the people of Britain could see very little difference between them.—Elmore Philpott in the Vancouver *Sun*.

Observant, the British.

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Subscribers to new shares are reminded that they will rank for this dividend only in the proportion that the amount paid upon such new shares at the record date of June 30, 1955, bears to the subscription price of $27.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD

N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager

Toronto, May 27, 1955

Business

Revising the Succession Duties

by A. Milton Moore

The Dominion Succession Duty Act is in the process of revision; completion of the task may be expected in another year or so. What basic considerations are involved?

In the re-examination of any tax it is sound practice to begin with its objectives and where it fits in with the other parts of the tax system and then to consider how best to make it serve the purpose. This first step is where the revision of the succession duties could bog down completely.

Public opinion provides strong pragmatic sanction for a death tax of some sort. Several justifications can be found, but none is of much assistance as a guide in deciding the form which the levy should take.

One justification is the preventing of large concentrations of wealth. In Canada, where capital gains are not taxed, death taxation ensures that the capital gains of a lifetime make some contribution to the society that helped to create them. It is also evident that a final reckoning at death provides an excellent opportunity for verifying that income tax liabilities have been discharged during a person's lifetime. Another possible justification of death taxes is their revenue-raising power and the room this would afford for the reduction in other forms of tax. In most countries, however, this is a secondary consideration because the yield is quite low.

In Canada, federal succession duty collections run at about $40 million, or 1 per cent of the total tax revenue. They are relatively more important to Quebec and Ontario where the yield of about $30 million in the two provinces together accounts for 4 to 5 per cent of revenue.

The estate-tax form of death duty has the virtue of being based on a principle which can be consistently followed, but it is regarded by many to be among the most defective forms of death taxation. The estate tax is levied on the total value of the estate without regard to its destination and the rates are fixed solely with reference to that value. It can be thought of as the final accounting of the individual with the state for the privileges, benefits and rights he has enjoyed during his life. But this implies that it is the deceased who bears the burden of the tax while beneficiaries stubbornly cling to the view that they do.

The antithesis of the estate tax is the inheritance tax which is levied on the recipients of the estate with rates fixed according to the amount received by each beneficiary. It usually also varies with the degree of relationship between the beneficiary and the deceased — a widow or son pays less tax than a stranger.

Canadian Succession Duties are a mixture. One rate is set with reference to the total value of the estate; to this is added another rate determined by the size of the bequest left to the particular beneficiary and his relationship to the deceased.

The moment the beneficiaries are assumed to pay the tax, however, the examination becomes entangled with the prevailing notions of how the burden of all taxes taken together should be shared by persons in different economic circumstances.

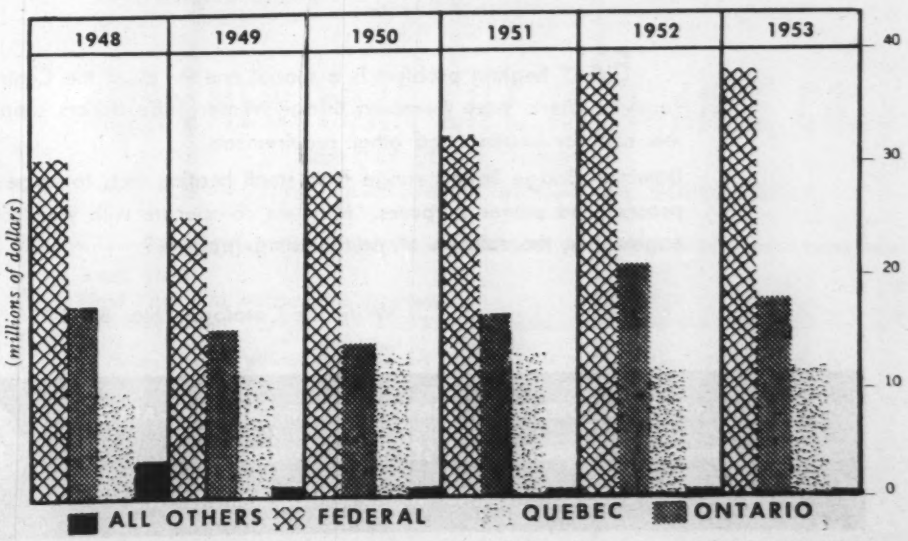
It is now part of the thinking of our society that the guiding principle should be ability to pay. It is also automatically assumed that income is the measure of ability to pay. Only the occasional dissenting voice points out that, as is obvious on reflection, income is only a partial measure, while wealth is an all-inclusive one and not all additions to wealth are taxed, owing to our notions concerning what constitutes income. Logically, therefore, taxes levied on the beneficiaries of an estate should be fitted into the overall scheme of progressive taxation.

There are two theoretical reconstructions of death taxes designed to accomplish this end. One is that all bequests — and all gifts and indeed all receipts — be taxed as part of the income of the recipient. The hard logic of this proposal lies in the challenge: why exempt certain receipts from income tax simply because the recipient has done nothing and given nothing in return?

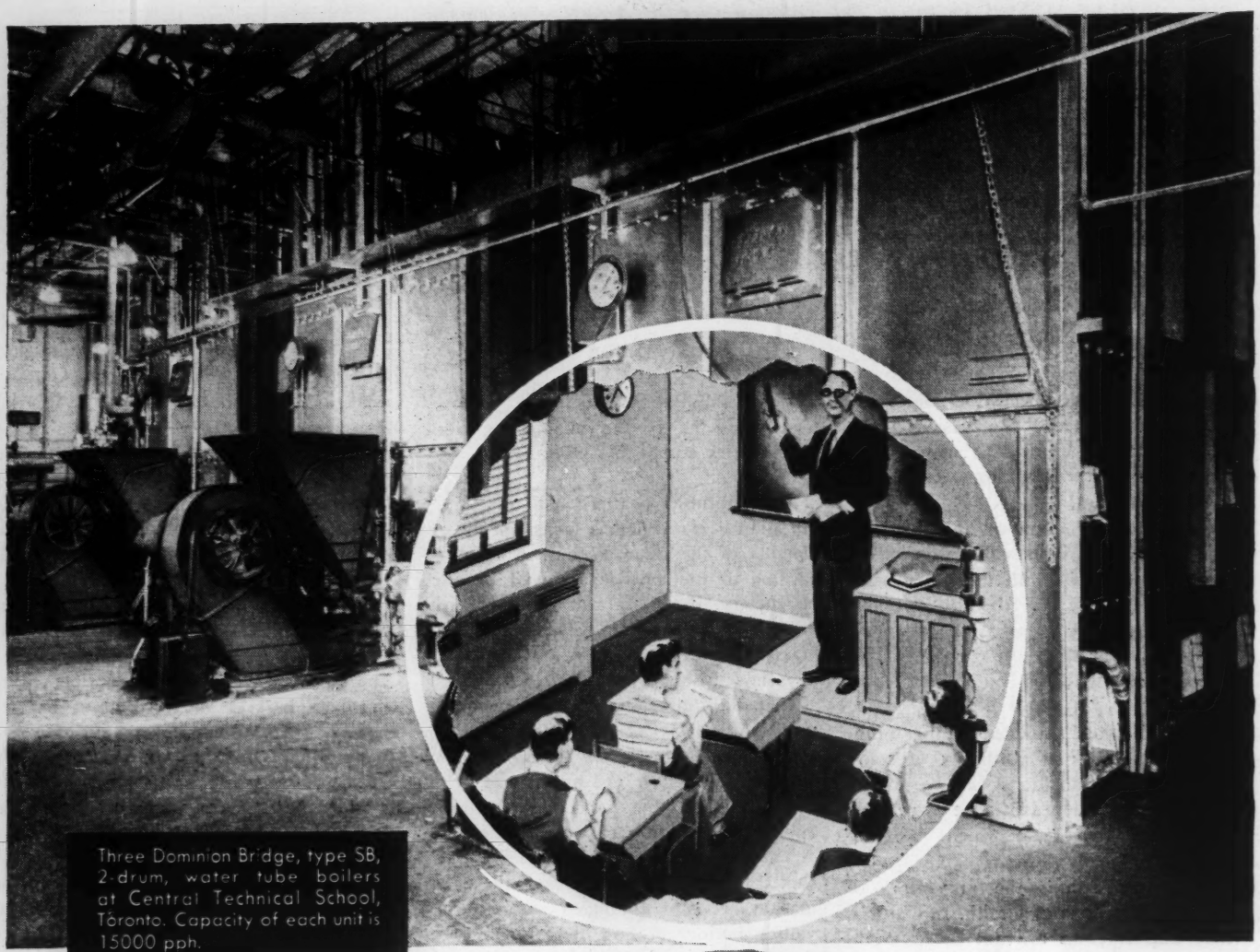
Actually, there are three good reasons. A large number of bequests pass from the deceased to his widow and children; far from being improved, their lot is often worsened. Bequests are a "lumpy" type of receipt and their taxation as income would produce gross inequities unless they were spread over a number of years. Finally, gifts would have to be treated in the same way as bequests and it would be difficult to detect gifts and to distinguish them from the normal support of dependents.

The other theoretical reconstruction of

Net Revenue from Succession Duties, 1948-1953



Under the 1947 and 1952 Dominion-provincial Taxation agreements, only Quebec and Ontario levy succession duties; amounts shown for other provinces are arrears.



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death taxes calls for the determination of the rate of inheritance tax according to the average income of the beneficiary received during the previous few years and the size of the bequest. Provision would be made for spreading bequests over several years and special allowances given to dependents. This reconstruction suffers the defect of administrative complexity while falling short of its presumed goal of distributing the tax burden according to a comprehensive concept of lifetime income.

The other best-known proposals for improving the equity of death taxation are less ambitious, and as a consequence less logically consistent. One reform is prompted by the inequity which results from taxing a person more severely under an inheritance tax if he receives a single large bequest than if he receives a number of small ones. It is proposed that bequests and gifts be collected in the hands of the recipient with the tax rate increasing with each additional bequest. This would be a partial reform at best, and keeping track of the series of gifts and bequests over a time is not considered attractive from an administrative standpoint.

Gifts made during a person's lifetime are taxed less severely than if they are transferred at death. This has led to a search for ways of parting with property which meet the legal requirements of gifts but which keep control of the property in the hands of the giver. It has therefore been suggested that a record be kept of all gifts made by any one person. Each successive gift would be taxed more heavily than the last and the tax on the estate would be determined by the total value of the estate plus all gifts made. Again this is but a partial reform because it accepts the unsatisfactory principle of the estate tax.

Still other critics are most concerned over the so-called short-circuiting of generations. In most circumstances estate taxes are reduced by bequeathing the income from an estate to one heir, with the property itself passing to a third person on the death of the first heir.

No matter what the form of death taxation, one extremely important factor should be considered. There are probably more ways of disposing of one's wealth than there are of acquiring it and even the best constructed scheme of death taxation will divert the disposition of wealth into new channels. Inequities will always arise between those who benefit from expert advice and those who do not.

It is not likely, in the face of all this, that the forthcoming revision of the Dominion Succession Duty Act will plough new ground. The challenge accepted is the much more restricted one of removing the considerable number of anomalies and inequities which remain to be tackled even when the basic weaknesses of estate inheritance taxes are ignored.

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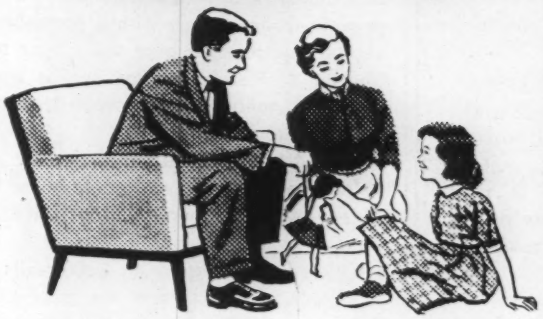

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We believe you will find the current issue of interest and will be pleased to mail you a copy with our compliments. Among other things, it reviews an important new pulp mill project in western Canada.

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Husky Oil

I am interested in the short term possibilities of Husky Oil 5 per cent debentures. Can you explain the pricing of the rights and the stock?—W. L. H., Victoria, BC.

Husky is a well-established unit in a growing industry and the 5 per cent debentures with stock purchase warrants provide income along with a possibility of capital appreciation over the longer term. Shorter term appreciation would appear to depend mainly on the securities market as a whole.

Each $1,000 debenture carries the right to purchase 40 shares of common at $8 a share until December 14, 1960; and at $14 until four years later.

Quoted prices apply to $100 units and will vary in reflection of the price of the common. At this writing the common is around $7.50 and the debentures with the warrants attached are 110, while without warrants the price is 99. The market is saying that an option to buy 40 shares of Husky is worth $110 or $2.75 a share.

With a solid foundation in a sound industry, Husky is a specialist in heavy oil and in resultant asphaltic products. It has three refining plants and earned its debenture interest by a comfortable margin in 1954.

The company is well situated to share in the growth of the oil industry in Canada, for which prospective capital expenditures in the next few years are reckoned in hundreds of millions. They may be in billions.

Algom Uranium

What are the possibilities of Algom Uranium Debentures with stock purchase warrants attached? Would they be worthwhile as an investment?—S. B., Millbrook, Ont.

Possibilities of an increase in value of Algom shares, from which the debentures would derive appreciation, appear to be dependent over the longer term upon the outlook for uranium after 1962, when the government floor price comes off.

From the shorter term viewpoint, favorable ore developments may reflect in the stock price. The possibility of this can never be overlooked in a live mining operation.

Uranium will ultimately revolutionize many modern applications of energy. How long this will take is anyone's guess, but new ideas are not generally adopted overnight. It took International Nickel several years after the first war to establish peacetime uses for nickel.

Some observers are inclined to draw a parallel between International Nickel with respect to the nickel market and uranium concerns in relation to the future of that metal.

Algom has been able to muster some $40 million in financial support for its project and this probably more than anything else indicates its attractions as a medium for anyone who wants to bet on the future of uranium. The $40 million could become $55 to $60 million through the exercise of options but this would dilute the equity of the common holders.

Leitch Gold

I have Leitch Gold at 65 cents, but if it can pay a dividend of six cents a year why isn't the price of stock around $1.20, which is 5 per cent on the investment? I also note that the mine's recovery for the first quarter of the year is only $24.49 per ton compared with $28.30 in the fourth quarter of last year and $32.38 in the first quarter of 1954. Can you advise why?—R. H., Moncton, NB.

Fluctuations in Leitch grade are not insignificant. The stock derives its value from the company's overall position. This comprises developed ore, prospective ore and cash. Three winze (or inside shaft) levels were developed last year and gave ore of typical mine average. The winze is to be deepened a further 600 feet or seven levels. This will anticipate development for several years.

Gold is a "one-crop" affair, so the market for gold stocks has to discount the wasting nature of the operation. Leitch could scarcely sell on a 5 per cent yield basis on present ore indications. If it ran into a new mine, of course, there is no telling what market valuation might be put on the company.

Steel of Canada

I have been a shareholder of Steel of Canada for some time and would appreciate some comment as to the outlook for the company.—H. C., Newmarket, Ont.

Steel of Canada is doing exceptionally well and its outlook brightens with the growth of the Canadian economy.

Steel is usually considered as a cyclical industry dependent upon the demand for products and services of numerous customers engaged in production of many semi-durables, durable and capital goods and in a wide range of construction.

The steel industry is highly competitive but fast-moving. Anticipating a 25 per cent

increase in steel consumption in Canada by 1961, Stelco is expanding its facilities accordingly. The latest expansion will be superimposed on a previous 50 per cent increase in capacity. This program added $105 million to the property account and a further $24 million had been approved prior to the decision on the latest expansion.

It is significant that the prospective 25 per cent increase includes new facilities which are secondary operations to the making of raw steel. The success of Stelco's secondary operations has lent to the company a stability of earnings, which would not exist if they were confined to the making of raw steel.

Investments

The writer, a widow, has $30,000 to invest and the proceeds will be her total income outside of having her home, which is paid for. I have been in and out of the market through brokers, but feel rather insecure, and would appreciate advice on how to permanently invest to maintain security. Mortgages at 6 per cent have been suggested but in case of death, I feel stocks and securities could be more quickly liquidated, as my heirs are now U.S. citizens.—M. J., Edmonton, Alta.

It is difficult for many investors to realize that absolute security is a non-existent commodity. There is an old wheeze to the effect that nothing is sure but death and taxes. The term "security" may, however, be used in a relative sense in the investment world.

Everyone knows investments involve money, but not many understand the fluctuating nature of the purchasing power of money and how this affects investments.

Broadly speaking, there are two types of investment: loan and equity. Loans embrace bonds, mortgages, etc. Equities are partnerships or ownerships.

Loans are payable in a fixed number of dollars, whose purchasing power may decline between the creation of a long-term loan and its liquidation. This decline in purchasing power is called inflation and is a historically continuous process. Kings used to recall the coinage and clip it. Today governments influence the purchasing power of the dollar by fiscal policies. The last 45 years have been a lean period for the owners of fixed income securities, since inflationary trends have been predominant.

On the other hand equities have increased in value in keeping with inflationary forces. For this reason, the investor who has been in common stocks of representative companies has seen his equities increase in value, whereas loans have depreciated.

The foregoing is simply a suggestion as to the broad principles governing the

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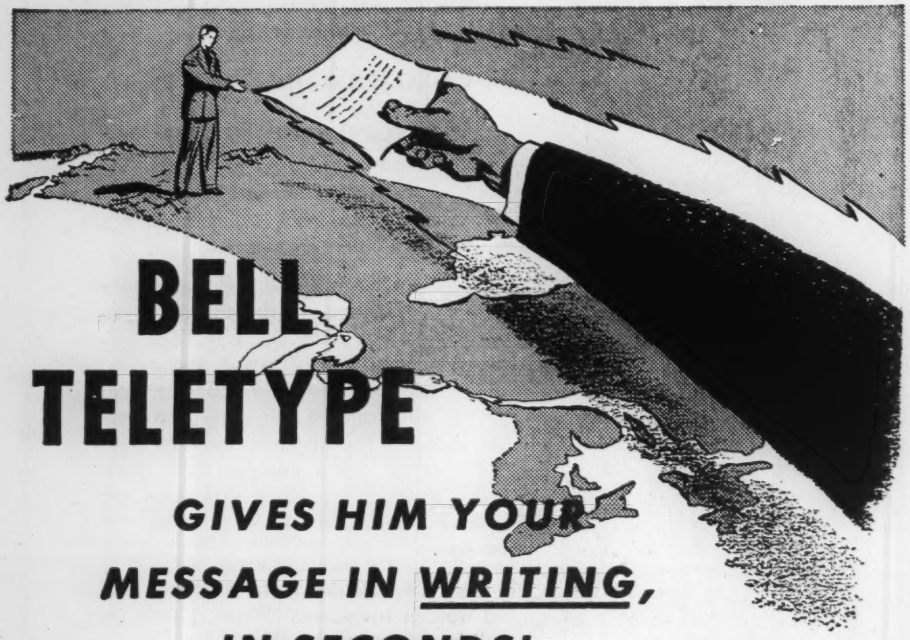

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choice of an investment policy. Individual circumstances will be an influence. For a young person, the evidence is overwhelmingly in favor of common stocks, yielding relatively little, but offering prospects of growth with the Canadian economy.

An older person may prefer "relative" security and the answer may be in a combination of common stocks, bonds and mortgages. An average yield of 4½ to 5 per cent might thus be secured. When we say "common stocks", we mean blue chips such as Bell Telephone, Steel of Canada, Bank of Montreal and the like. In bonds we would look for high grade corporates. In mortgages, we advise you to have a good lawyer.

Incidentally, not many heirs would object to a nominal delay in liquidating assets.

In Brief

I would appreciate a report on Western Potash, which is changing its name to Continental Potash.—C. F., Montreal, Que.

Potash is said to be in increasingly short supply in North America and a group of Canadian and American industrial and financial firms has undertaken to provide funds to put Western Potash into production. Until the terms of the financing are available, however, one cannot intelligently discuss the attractions of the securities. Obviously, if the company can command the reported sum of $17.5 millions for financing, its chances cannot be lightly dismissed.

I have been advised to purchase Western Naco Petroleum stock as an excellent speculation. What would you advise?—D. J. M., Windsor, Ont.

Western Naco is in the same position as dozens of other companies floated on the oil boom of a few years ago. They now need money with which to carry out their exploratory and development objectives and Naco is trying to arrange funds.

Can you give me any information about Brilund? I hold stock at $2.65 but it is down to $1.40. Would you advise me to hold same?—L. E., Montreal, Que.

It all depends on your investment objectives. Do you want to gamble on the chance of finding metallic ores in Cuba or in the Oka section of Quebec?

I hold shares of Wilrich Petroleums, which I purchased at 60 cents a share. Would you advise holding for a possible rise through $1?—S. M., Ailsa Craig, Ont.

As the price of Wilrich indicates, its prospects are highly speculative. Formed as an oil company, it has latterly ventured into mining prospecting and only time will tell what success it enjoys in this speculative field.

Who's Who in Business

"Fascinating and Worthwhile"

by John Irwin

Ernest C. Gill, president of the Canada Life Assurance Company, has a unique blend of actuarial, investment and administrative talents, plus a wide knowledge of finance—qualities that serve him well as chief executive of the oldest insurance company in Canada (founded 108 years ago in Hamilton, Ont.), which has a $2¼ billion insurance and annuity business in force and has issued over a million policies.

It was no accident which started him on his "absorbing, fascinating and worthwhile career". From his father, William Gill, who died in 1951 after 60 years as an accountant and manager in Kingston, Ont., he inherited a love for mathematics and studied that subject at Queen's University. He had no idea what career he would like to follow after graduation. "I always wanted to be a railroad engineer," he confesses, "and that ambition resurges every time I go through Kicking Horse Pass or wind through those Spiral Tunnels in the Rockies."

Ernest C. Gill

He was in his second year at Queen's when a neighbor casually mentioned that life insurance companies were paying bonuses to employees who were successful in actuarial science. His reaction was one of mild amusement—mathematics was always a pleasure.

Following up a letter of recommendation from a family friend, he worked for Canada Life in the summer vacations. On graduation with a gold medal in mathematics in 1923, he entered the company's actuarial department on a full-time basis at a salary of $50 a month.

His progress was rapid. He finished his examinations in three years and at 23 became a Fellow of the Actuarial Society of America. In 1927 he was made assistant actuary. He organized an investment research department and was rewarded in 1930 by being appointed assistant treasurer. In 1938 he became treasurer and a year later became assistant general manager as well. In March, 1946, he was named general manager and appointed a director. The following year he advanced to vice-president and general manager. In January, 1951, a few months before his 48th birthday, he became one of the youngest presidents ever to hold office in a major life insurance company.

Six feet tall, with thinning fair hair, he weighs an even 180 pounds — "I keep a careful check on my weight; statistics show a heavy mortality rate among people who are substantially overweight". He has a cordial and crisp manner. He conducts the affairs of the company, with its 2,200 employees in 125 offices throughout Canada, the U.S.A. and the UK, from a comfortable office in downtown Toronto. He travels extensively, logging around 10,000 miles a year visiting offices and assessing economic trends.

His business acumen has earned him several directorships in various companies, including the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the National Trust Company, the Western Assurance Company, the British American Assurance Company, Central Canada Investments and the Toronto Savings and Loan.

With his wife, the former Mercedes Rae and their only daughter, Mary (who shares her father's interest in life insurance by working for a rival company), he lives on Russell Hill Road, Toronto.

From his father, he also learned to take an abiding interest in church affairs and is a member of the Pensions Board of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

For recreation he is fond of "indifferent" golf. Philately is a hobby in which "interest waxes and wanes".

Last month he was honored by the Canadian Life Insurance Officers' Association who elected him their president. He is also a director of the Institute of Life Insurance, New York. He retains great affection for Queen's University and is vice-chairman of the Board of Trustees.

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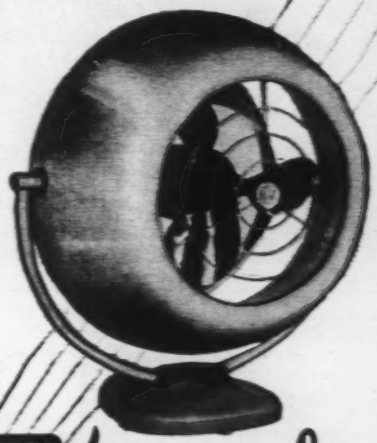

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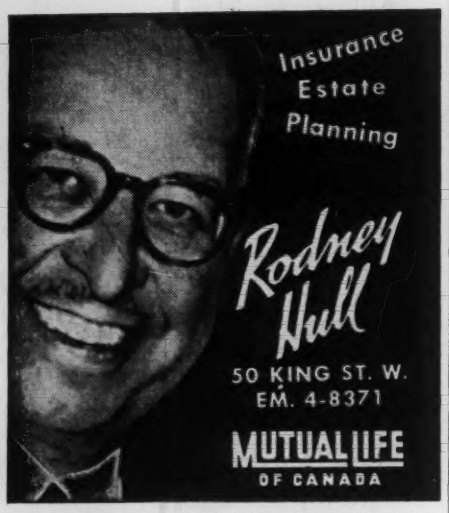

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Certificate of Registry No. C-1580 has been issued authorizing the Aktieselskabet Nordisk Gjenforsikrings Selskab of Copenhagen, Denmark, to transact in Canada the business of Weather Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of fire insurance of the Company, in addition to Fire Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Personal Property Insurance, Real Property Insurance and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of fire insurance of the company, for which it is already registered, limited to the business of reinsurance only, on the condition that if in the transaction of its business in Canada the company uses an anglicized name, that name shall be "THE NORDISK REINSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED".

BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION, LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 7

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of thirty cents (30¢) per share on the outstanding Common Shares of the Company has been declared payable 15th July, 1955 to shareholders of record as at the close of business on 21st June, 1955.

The transfer books of the Company will not be closed.

By Order of the Board,
G. G. WOODWARD,
Assistant Secretary.

Vancouver, B.C.
2nd June 1955

POWER CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED

The Board of Directors has declared the following dividend:

No par value Common Stock

No. 54. Quarterly, 50¢ per share, payable June 30th, 1955 to holders of record at the close of business on June 6th, 1955.

V. J. NIXON,
Secretary.

Montreal, May 27th, 1955.

Engineers in Industry

The main reason for the acute shortage of engineers in Canadian industry today is, of course, the growth of Canadian industry during the last fifteen years. But there is another reason. As part of the "technological revolution", more and more engineers are being transferred from purely engineering jobs to managerial positions. They are needed to advise the lawyers, the accountants, the salesmen, the research workers. They are sought for the policy-making roles where once the engineer was regarded as the technician who simply carried out policies. Trade Minister C. D. Howe — himself a conspicuous example of the engineer in "business" — recently pointed out to a gathering of engineers the great transformation in the status of the engineer in Canadian society which had taken place and stressed the need for the "engineering mind" in management and government.

An interesting article in the *Harvard Business Review* last month summarized the assets and defects of the engineer, of the average "engineering mind", in management. The engineer possesses a background of fundamentals which enables him quickly to grasp those scientific methods and technical details on which modern industry so largely depends and he has been trained to think in an exact, concrete and systematic fashion.

On the other hand, the writer observed that "many engineers do not believe in the importance of things which cannot be measured — such things as attitudes, emotions, customs, traditions, prejudices". In this respect they lack humility. He referred to a private U.S. survey last year which reported that organizations headed by engineers and scientists were more likely to have difficulty with industrial relations than other firms. Furthermore, the writer claimed that the engineer tends to be weak at co-operating with his non-engineering colleagues and at training his own subordinates for wider responsibility. As a result of this lack of training he sometimes lacks courage as he moves up. "Having too little experience in making mistakes, they are also slow in developing the courage to risk mistakes and defeats." And finally, the engineer, through his very thoroughness and his suspicion of "instinct" is likely to be slow at decisions where speed is essential. "Who knows how many years the clock would have to be turned back if the policy decisions in American industry since 1900 had been made by engineers!"

Is some of the slowness and excessive caution which is still charged against Canada in her development as a whole attributable to the fact of the country's being run by too many engineers, rather than to inherent native characteristics?

Canadian and British Insurance Companies Act 1932

Certificate of Registry No. C-1582 has been issued authorizing The Victory Insurance Company Limited of London, England, to transact in Canada the business of Weather Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of fire insurance of the company, in addition to Fire Insurance, Accident Insurance, Automobile Insurance, Explosion Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Personal Property Insurance, Plate Glass Insurance, Real Property Insurance, Sickness Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Theft Insurance, Windstorm Insurance and in addition thereto, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance and Water Damage Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of fire insurance of the company, for which it is already registered.

THE CONSOLIDATED MINING AND SMELTING COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

DIVIDEND NO. 100

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of Forty Cents (40c) per share, and an extra distribution of Forty Cents (40c), per share, on the paid up Capital Stock of the Company, have this day been declared for the six months ending the 30th day of June, 1955, payable on the 15th day of July, 1955, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 17th day of June, 1955.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.

L. O. REID,
Secretary.

Montreal, P.Q.
June 9, 1955

THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that dividend of $1.25 per share upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company has been declared for the current quarter, and that the same will be payable on

2nd JULY, 1955,

to shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business 15th June, 1955.

By order of the Board.

CHARLES J. PETTIT,
Manager.

June 2nd, 1955.

The greatest boon to come to agriculture—after centuries of back-breaking toil—is the very recent rapid development in mechanization. It has transformed farming from just a way of life and put it on a business basis. The farmer's equipment now is not just a mere help to lessen laborious toil—but a means to increase his production without dependence on expensive hired labor, a means to produce better crops and increase his earnings, giving him a larger share in the higher standards of living our modern economy now permits.

All of these advantages come from the great engineering developments of the implement manufacturer, ever eager to produce equipment that will make agriculture still more efficient and more profitable.

Recognizing, too, the economic problems peculiar to agriculture, the aim of the manufacturer has been to make available to the farmer equipment that would earn him more for the lowest possible outlay. It is a fact that the farmer gets greater value for his purchase dollar in farm implements than he gets in most other manufactured articles he buys.

Since 1941 the percentage of price increase in Canada shows the index for "all commodities" to have risen by 76.8%, whereas the index for Massey-Harris implements and tractors sold in Canada has increased by only 66.8%. This low level of increase in the index of farm implement prices has been maintained in the face of higher costs. The index for materials used in the manufacture of farm implements has increased by 86.2% and the index for wage rates in Massey-Harris-Ferguson Canadian plants has increased by 173.9%.

Large volume in domestic and export sales, savings in operating costs by modernization of manufacturing, and acceptance of narrow margins of profit made possible this low level of increase. In the last three years increased labor costs and lower volume have reduced considerably the Company's net earnings—last year they were only 2.4 cents per dollar of sales.

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Having a Wonderful Time

by Mary Lowrey Ross

Mrs. Viola MacMillan of Toronto is President of the ViolaMac Mines Ltd., and of the subsidiary ViolaMac Mines (BC), a base metal development. She is also President of the Prospectors and Developers Association of Canada, of the MacMillan Securities Ltd., and of Camarillo Oils Ltd.

If you ask her how she arrived at her unique position in the business and mining world, she will probably reply seriously that fate had a great deal to do with it. The fact is, however, that if Mrs. MacMillan had undertaken suburban development, or wholesale manufacture, or produce-and-supply marketing, she would have been at it exactly as hard. She is incapable of giving less than the whole of her interest to anything she is engaged in, and her capacity for interest is enormous. Fate may have had something to do with her unusual career; but whenever fate has shown up, Mrs. MacMillan has been right on hand to co-operate.

"She is just plain in love with mining," one of her associates, an old-time prospector says of her, "and you know how it is with a woman in love—she gets carried away. Viola carries us all away with her."

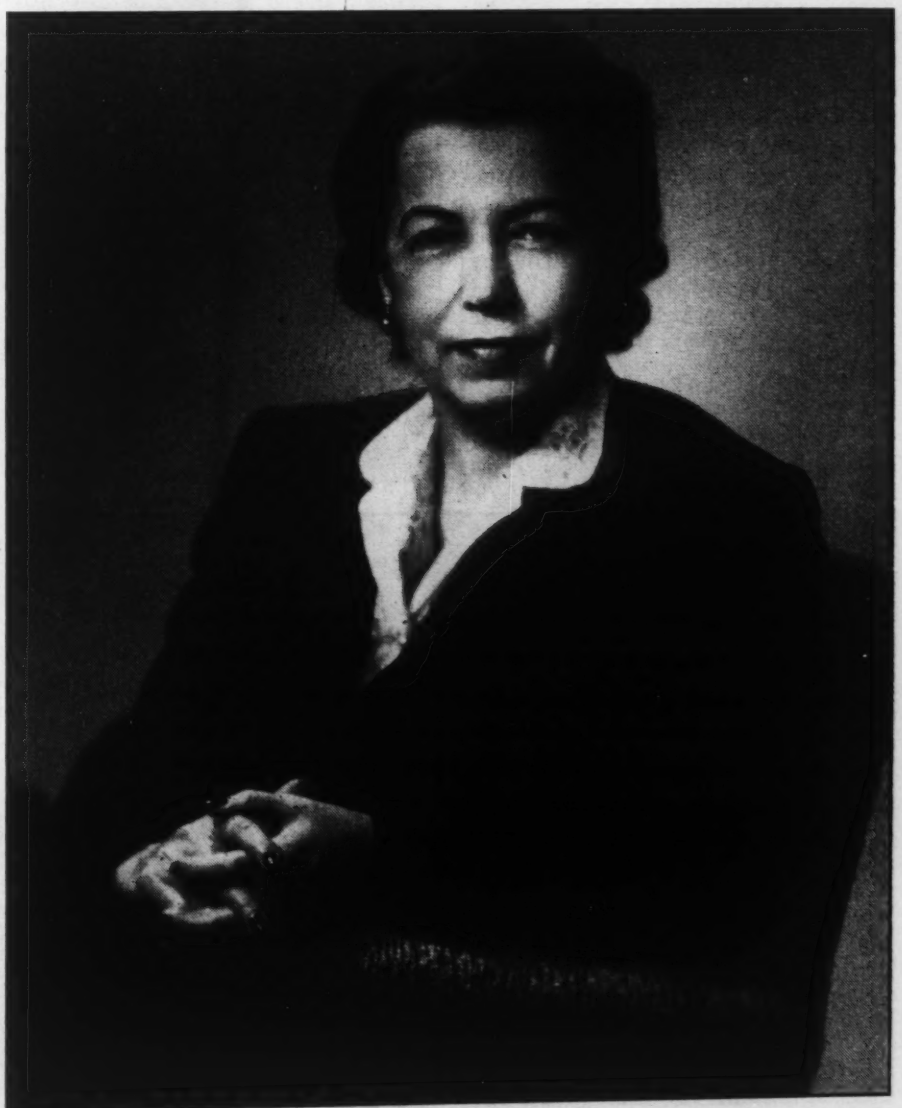
She was born on a farm in Windermere, Ontario, one of twelve children. After completing school she took a business course, and was working as a stenographer in a Windsor law office when, in 1923, she married George MacMillan. Shortly after the marriage, Mr. MacMillan's uncle asked his nephew to investigate some mining claims that he was in danger of losing because of the assessment requirements of the Canadian Government. The young couple immediately started north, and from that day on Viola MacMillan was committed to the mining industry.

It wasn't an auspicious beginning. When they reached the claim, they found that a bear had entered the shack ahead of them. There was an ominous ring of black fur around the shack window, the blankets were torn to shreds and the visitor had completely flattened a sheet iron stove.

This might have deterred a less venturesome bride. It did, in fact, send the pair out in search of more reassuring quarters. But the search led eventually to another cabin where a group of four prospectors took them in and shared with them not only their quarters and canned beans but their hopes and adventures. It was an exciting experience for the bride, and it infected her with a prospector's fever which was to last the rest of her life.

It was a recurrent fever at the beginning. The MacMillans spent every summer vacation for a while in prospecting adventures through the north and west. By the end of five years, however, fate was knocking so peremptorily that Mrs. MacMillan persuaded her husband to pull up stakes and head for the minefields permanently.

Destiny proved faithful, though dilatory. There was a number of lean years, including one summer, acutely remembered, in which the MacMillans lived almost exclusively on onions. Then one day they were heading north as usual when they

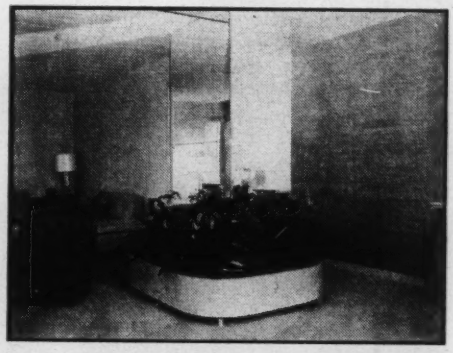


Viola MacMillan, President of the Prospectors and Developers Association, has had a long and prosperous love-affair with Canadian mining since she and her husband first went prospecting some thirty years ago.

picked up a young hitchhiker who told them he was just recovering from pneumonia. Mrs. MacMillan urged him to come prospecting with them and he agreed, promptly caught cold, and had to be returned to Kirkland Lake. The incident is worth relating since it justifies to some extent Mrs. MacMillan's belief in the dependability of destiny; for the return to Kirkland Lake coincided with the beginnings of the Kirkland Lake gold rush. They promptly staked out claims, and this led eventually to a major interest in the Hallnor gold mine. They have prospered fabulously ever since, but it would be hard to say whether the lean period or the fat has given Mrs. MacMillan the more satisfaction over the years. She has had a wonderful time during both.

Mrs. MacMillan is small, vivid, and filled with a restless energy that keeps her constantly on the move and just as constantly on the alert. As she talks she answers the telephone, pours coffee, signs cheques, issues vouchers for thousands of dollars' worth of mining equipment, and never for a moment loses the thread of the conversation. "Fifty thousand dollars," she said at one point, as she signed a cheque, and her gratification could hardly have been more impersonal. She doesn't think of herself as big business. But mining is big business, and Canada is the biggest business of all. For Canada she has the special feeling that is possible to someone who has not only travelled the country from end to end but has literally scraped its astonishing surface.

Mrs. MacMillan's downtown apartment is a penthouse at the top of the Adelbay Building in Toronto. Mirrors and wide windows give it a feeling of airy spaciousness. She has deliberately kept it impersonal, but its severity is relieved by comfortable furnishings and plants.



Mrs. MacMillan prepares supper on the trail. When she began prospecting, she had to do all the cooking because she didn't know any geology. Now that she is expert in both lines, everyone has to take a turn at the skillet.

Mines are more than a private interest with Viola MacMillan. They are a public program. Since joining the Prospectors and Developers Association, first as member, then as secretary and finally as president, she has kept an eye on all legislation affecting mines and prospectors, has launched a ten-year plan to make Canada the greatest mineral-producing country in the world, and has promoted innumerable educational programs for the benefit of the public, the prospectors, and, on occasion, the ministers of mines themselves.

All her mining education has been gained in the field. She understands the technique of sinking a shaft and operating a diamond drill, and she knows how to organize the complex mechanical world that surrounds these operations. "It's as easy as making a banana cake," she says, "and I make a good banana cake."

In recent years she has had little time for active prospecting. Her work is now largely administrative and financial, and she spends most of her days in her suite of downtown offices. Fortunately, she finds business quite as fascinating as prospecting.

Her day begins at 6.30 a.m. "I like to be in the office in time to pull the switches," she explains. If it is a relatively easy day, she goes back in the evening to her North Toronto home and barbecues herself a steak — "I still like to eat in the open air," she says. If the day involves dinner and evening conferences, she takes the elevator to her penthouse at the top of the Adelbay office building.

Anyone interested in the mining business is a welcome visitor in either home. So indeed is anyone interested in almost anything, since the hostess has enough vitality to absorb almost any enthusiasm. The Oriole Parkway home is always open, and usually filled. "I just tell visitors that I will be up at six-thirty in the morning, and say good-bye to them the evening before," she says.

The penthouse she describes as still another stroke of luck. "I used to have to go to hotels on the nights when I was working late," she says, "but I had had

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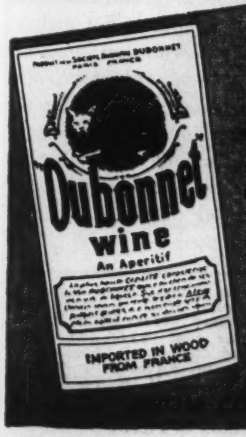

my eye on the penthouse and as soon as it was available I moved in."

Actually she had had her eye on the whole building. Her restless curiosity took her through it constantly while it was still under construction, and she was usually on hand before the workmen arrived. So the penthouse naturally went to Mrs. MacMillan before anyone else had time to put in a bid.

It offered certain problems. Designed along administrative rather than domestic lines, it was bisected by a single long narrow corridor. Since she couldn't alter it structurally, she set herself, with her usual energy and resourcefulness, to creating the illusion of space.

Two Ministers of Mines and Madam President: The Hon. George Prudham, the Federal Minister is on Mrs. MacMillan's right with Ontario's Minister, the Hon. Philip Kelly, beside him.

A mirrored column, with a pediment of Florida foliage, helps to duplicate the width of the living-room, which looks down on the distant bay. There is a mirrored wall to give space and distance to the long dining-room. She is hoping that the new owner of the building will be willing to take down a wall and provide a more adequate foyer.

As it is, the whole apartment, with its subtle dissolving tones of rose and beige, has the air of floating high up above the city. The rooms are light, free and uncluttered. Apart from one Utrillo-like painting, which she selected largely for its coloring, there are no pictures on the walls.

"I have kept it impersonal deliberately," she said. "I wanted it to be the sort of place I could pick up and leave without regrets, on a moment's notice."

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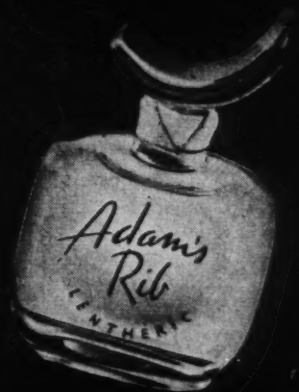

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Letters

National Anthem

There is an appalling lack of national pride in your comment about National Anthems. You should have been better occupied discussing means whereby Canada could get an anthem of which it could be proud. Here are my suggestions:

Neither "God Save the Queen" nor "O Canada" is satisfactory. The former is appropriate for the people of the United Kingdom, and it would probably do as a patriotic hymn for the Commonwealth; it is not a Canadian anthem. The latter is a very poor product, with mediocre words and music, and altogether too poor a thing to be considered suitable as a national anthem.

In other words, Canada still needs an anthem. This country has fine writers and musicians. The Federal Government should immediately offer a substantial prize for the best anthem submitted to a competent board of judges by, say, July 1, 1956 . . .

WINNIPEG VERNE STASIUK

The Warrior

I wish to thank you for your Front Page article "The Courage of Man".

During a recent visit to Toronto we attempted to obtain a restful afternoon of cultural entertainment at the Art Gallery. Had our visit been for other than pastime it would have been an unrewarding afternoon—we were very disappointed. The crude mass of bronze entitled "The Warrior" is a waste of material which could have been put to more valuable uses. Its appearance is of a heavy piece of scrap salvaged from some foundry. No flight of imagination could give to it the symbolism that was intended . . .

RENFREW, ONT. COLIN CLARKE

Experience

The savagery of your attack against Dr. McCann, the Minister of National Revenue, is inexcusable . . . It is incredible that you expect a man to devote his life to the public service and rely solely on the uncertainty of politics for his livelihood, giving up all connections with the business world. What you are asking such a man as Dr. McCann to do is to leave his profession or business, in which he may just be getting established, to gamble his future on the fickleness of public approval — to give up his private success for perhaps only one term in office. Afterwards, he would have to pick up the pieces . . .

MONTREAL RUSSELL STANFIELD

Editor's note: We doubt if Dr. McCann has suffered from the uncertainties of politics. He was first elected to the House of Commons in 1935 *and has kept his seat since. He has been a member of the Cabinet since August,* 1945. *His annual earnings as a cabinet minister total* $27,000.

Civil Defence

The discourse by Mr. Adams on Civil Defence was revealing, if not informative. It revealed how little serious thought has been given by Government authorities to this vitally important subject. It is all very well to talk about evacuating cities when warning of an attack is received. This is a relatively simple matter where cities of no more than 200,000 people are involved. But has the problem of the larger cities (which logically are the only suitable targets for major attack) been thought out?

If Montreal or Toronto had to be evacuated, it would mean that well over one million persons would have to be cleared out of the city in the space of two hours, and only half the roads would be available (danger of fall-out); they would have to be provided with food, shelter and clothing — a particularly difficult matter in the winter months — under circumstances in which, we must presume, the centres of communication in the city (including government administrative centres) would have been destroyed . . . Has the planning accounted for this? The authorities are silent. Perhaps it is better to starve or freeze to death slowly than to be consumed quickly.

VANCOUVER E. R. MCQUADE

Community Service

I was interested to see that an article on "The Front Page" . . . referred to the fact that Kiwanis clubs in Canada are widely recognized as sponsors of local musical events. It is gratifying for us in Kiwanis International to see public references like this made to our community service efforts. It is good to know that Kiwanis is so generally accepted that the organization is mentioned in an almost matter-of-fact manner. Achievement of this acceptance has long been our goal . . .

CHICAGO, ILL. DON E. ENGDAHL,
President,
Kiwanis International

Fluoridation

Why all the malevolence displayed towards the opponents of the administration of sodium fluoride to domestic water supplies? Mary Lowrey Ross would do well to study her subject more before accusing all the cons of being deficient in intelligence . . . Any medical man will tell one no two persons react alike to the same drug, to be corroborated by Dr. Waldbott, MD, writing in *Ladies' Home Journal* May last: "At the so-called 'safe' concentration fluorine is a potential danger to every individual . . ."

PENTICTON, BC T. W. BRIDGES

Editor's note: No such accusation was made by Mrs. Ross. To quote her article: "It is true that the fluoridation program has drawn the attack of a highly vocal group of cranks and faddists . . . But the opposition group also contains many serious people who are asking a number of intelligent and disturbing questions. Not all of these questions have received a satisfactory answer."

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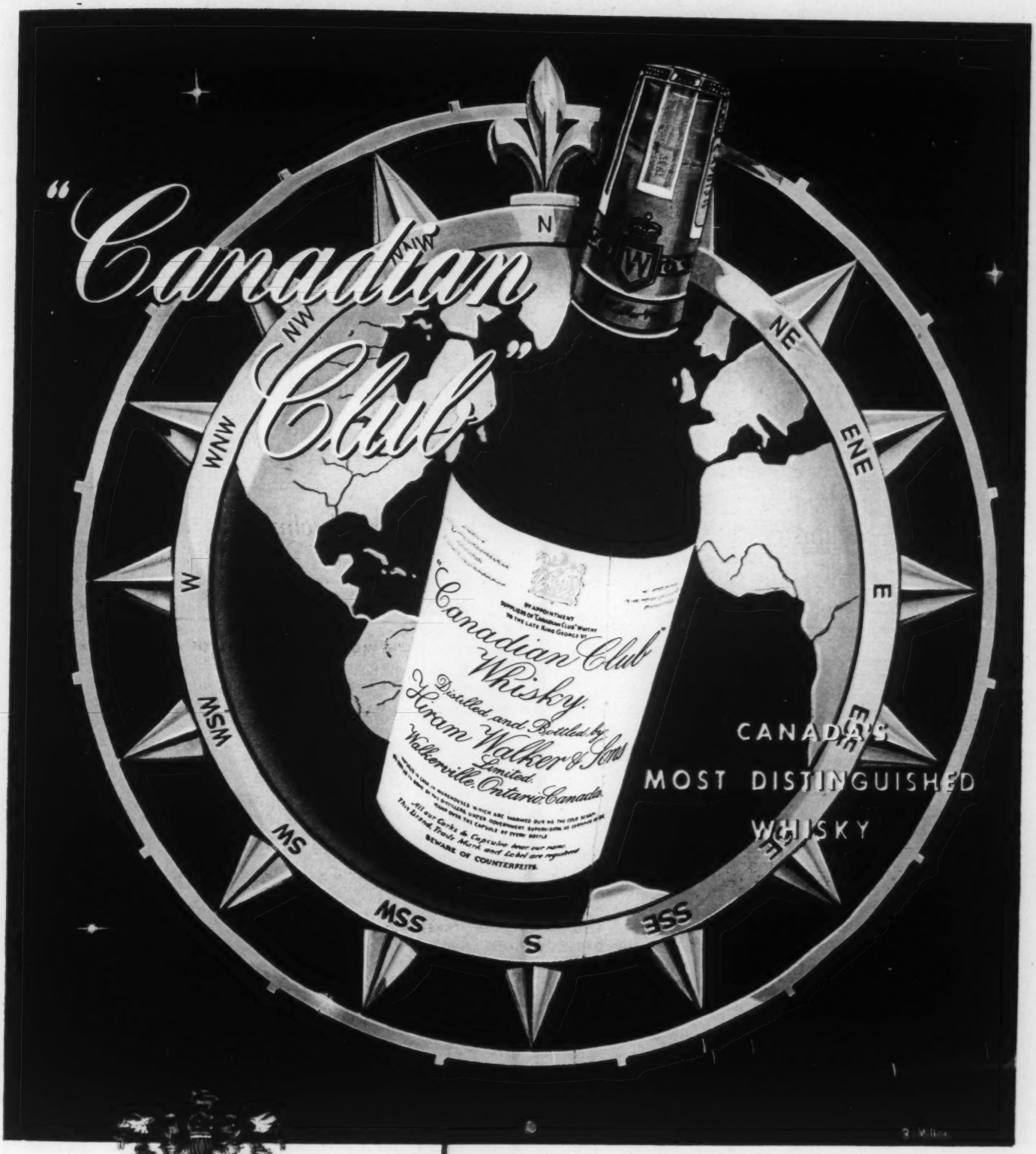

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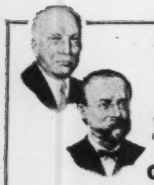

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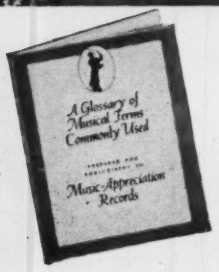

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